NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 6, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Ernesto de la Fé and the Trial of Fidel Castro

Ernesto de la Fé

By JOHN LEONARD

Ernesto de la Fé may become the first of a new class of martyrs this side of the Iron Curtain. For the offense of anti-Communism: death by firing squad

Cyrus Eaton: An Old Man Goes East

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Francis Russell, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CIRCULATION MANAGER: William M. Hayes

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyrighted 1959 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Changes of address, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

CIRCULATION DEPT.
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn.
RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $12.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, National Review is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

Despite stories to the contrary, it is highly unlikely Rockefeller will enter the New Hampshire primary. Reason: Rockefeller planned instead to stay out and throw resources into a powerful write-in campaign. Now chances are both Rockefeller and Nixon will skip it and let it remain a write-in affair, with Nixon pitting his control of party organization against Rockefeller money. . . . Joe Martin reportedly making pro-Rockefeller noises, in bitterness over Nixon's behind-the-scenes part in his ouster as minority leader.

Senator Smathers, who garnered conservative contributions in his election battle against Claude Pepper, now playing active part in fight against Strauss, also favoring heavy-spending Liberal measures. . . . John Kennedy emphasizing his Liberal bent in Michigan tour: "The Democratic Party needs a Liberal candidate. I can't imagine the party nominating a conservative." . . . Another, less publicized reason why General de Gaulle vetoed San Francisco as possible Summit site: He feared a softening in U.S. public opinion à la Mikoyan would accompany Khrushchev visit to States.

Bennington, going one-up on other colleges opposing loyalty oath in National Defense Education Act, has decided to return federal monies already received ($1,534) and withdraw from program because of loyalty oath requirement. . . . Britain's Union of Post Office Workers demanding two weeks "compassionate leave" for new fathers so they can help around the house. (We bet!) . . . Communist Worker centering its most recent attacks against Committee on Un-American Activities on Chief Counsel Richard Arens. It particularly resents fact that Arens has been successful in publicizing Committee activities. . . . Robert Welch (address Belmont 78, Mass.) organizing Committee Against Summit Entanglements. He is soliciting signatures for petitions urging Eisenhower not to go to the Summit.

Heard from a stoutly anti-Communist labor leader: "You would think that Benjamin J. Buttenweiser, head of the board of Lenox Hill Hospital and master strategist for management against the unions, wouldn't find it so hard to raise wages a few dollars for the strikers, when he found it so easy to raise thousands for the defense of his good friend Alger Hiss. . . ."

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The WEEK

● *Symbolic Days on the International Scene:* Raúl Castro, the Cuban Premier's sibling rival, army commander, and closest pro-Communist companion, got lost in a swamp. It is rumored that Cuba's unemployed (50 per cent) did *not* rush to the woods in frantic search.

● Yielding to his party's left wing, which feels that Congress has not been spending other people's money fast enough at this session, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn pried out of the Rules Committee Representative Albert Rains' myriad-billioned housing bill. Sharp floor debate followed on this omnibus measure for everything from college dormitories and "urban renewal" to 140,000 new units of public housing, the cost of which would total not the $2.7 billion mentioned in the dispatches but, in all, $5.8 billion. As added attraction, the measure includes an unprecedented provision that funds for the program could henceforth be extracted from the Treasury year after year with no further appropriating act by Congress. Most Republicans plus conservative Democrats lined up for a compromise substitute introduced by Sydney Herlong Jr., a Florida Democrat who has been gaining increased recognition in conservative quarters. With really good luck, the rival measures may end up killing each other off.

● In an appearance before the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee, which he managed to sandwich between his slander of the Committee on Un-American Activities ("the most un-American thing in the country") and his desertion of his appointee, Lewis Strauss, Harry S. Truman launched a new drive to repeal the Twenty-Second (anti-third term) Amendment. With the historical profundity that has won him the plaudits of the academic community, the ex-President stated his case in his usual scholarly fashion: "My position on this question is a very simple one: this is a bad Amendment and it ought to be repealed." And in a way Mr. Truman is right. It is bad that there should have had to be such an Amendment. For one hundred fifty-two years the voluntary self-restraint of our chief magistrates and the healthy political instincts of our citizens had upheld the sound republican tradition which had its source in the decision of our first President to refuse the indefinite prolongation in office that has so often been a signpost on the road to despotism. It was better that the two-term rule should be accepted thus voluntarily. It is a mark of the political degradation of our time that, for the defense of the Republic, the rule had to be translated into constitutional injunction. The public spectacle of Mr. Truman proves how necessary such translation had become.

● The House of Representatives has passed a bill to authorize the Tennessee Valley Authority to issue $750 million in bonds to build steam plants. We remember the day when the argument was that the government had the right—and the duty—to keep a river open for the passage of boats, as a matter of interstate commerce and national defense. This gave rise to the extended doctrine of the "all-purpose" dam designed to control flooding, to provide irrigation water, and, incidentally, to market electricity generated by water power. To all this is now added something that has nothing whatsoever to do with river control. The President can, presumably, stop this curious march of events by vetoing a TVA steam plant authorization bill. But the public power partisans, who don't really care whether their power comes from a river or a lump of coal or a split atom, will be back again no matter what the President does. They work with the pertinacity of water, and it is time somebody devised some method of controlling *them* as well.

● New York City has sold three subway power plants to the Consolidated Edison Company, and Mike Quill, whose Transport Workers Union has had bargaining rights in the plants, is mad. Quill doesn't want to lose control of the power plant workers to the Utility Workers Union, which represents 23,000 regular employees of Con Ed. Grabbing for any stigma to maintain the dogma that Quill has a right to the continuation of perquisites which have happened to fall his way in the past, the Transport Workers Union has asked the State Supreme Court to void the power plant sale. The stated reason for the request: Controller Lawrence E. Gerosa is "the beneficial owner of a substantial interest" in two corporations that have profited from dealing with Con Ed. Gerosa, who severed his connection with the "two corporations" before he took office, denies "beneficial ownership" as charged by Quill. But even if it were a matter of a few dollars for Lawrence Gerosa against continuing monopoly power for Quill, it is obvious where the taxpayers' interests lie. New York City has done well to get the power plants off the citizens' backs.

● Drawing conclusions from the Little Rock School Board vote is a risky business. There can be little doubt that Governor Faubus, as well as the three hard-segregation School Board members he backed, suffered defeat in the recall election. Certainly

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Faubus attempted unsuccessfully to turn his personal prestige into political capital for the three defeated candidates. The question in dispute is the magnitude of his defeat. There were other, perhaps stronger factors influencing the vote. The verdict reflected a general disgust with the School Board's "purge" of forty-four teachers. It reflected a revolt of the moderates in Little Rock's "silk-stocking" district. And it reflected, also, an unhappy resignation on the part of many voters to any course which would have the result of opening the schools in the fall.

● If only everyone were as easy to handle as American millionaires like Cyrus Eaton, Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman! The Soviet Union here and there finds it is not always the capitalists they have trouble bending to their propaganda purposes, but a leader of Labor, in the name of which the Revolution goes forward! Not that Walter Reuther, or the majority of British labor leaders, *e.g.*, have much ruffled the equanimity of the Soviet Union, but recently tough, autocratic David Dubinsky, king of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, did, in words of one syllable. No, he would not accept an invitation to tour the Soviet Union as a member of the American delegation to the Trade Fair; and no, it made no difference that he was promised an interview with Nikita Khrushchev as a lure. He would remain faithful to the policy decision of the AFL made in 1942, boycotting cultural exchanges between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in protest against the "brutal and inhuman practice of forced and slave labor" in Russia.

● Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev and Foreign Minister Rodion Malinovsky have shifted their temporary field headquarters a thousand miles closer to Geneva. On May 25 they arrived in their small and isolated satrapy of Albania for what was announced, without further explanation, as "a fortnight's visit." Waiting at the Tirana airport along with the Albanian proconsuls was East German Premier Otto Grotewohl. Flying over Yugoslavia en route, Khrushchev had radioed his "cordial greetings" on the occasion of Tito's sixty-seventh birthday. He did nothing to discourage speculation that he would discuss with Albanian Party Secretary Enver Hoxha the establishment on Albanian soil of nuclear missile bases that would threaten Athens and Rome from the missile-equivalent of point blank range. ("Medium-range or even short-range rockets in Albania will be able to cover all Italy," Khrushchev remarked jovially; and Malinovsky echoed, "Absolutely true.") In short, thanks to our bird-like fixation, these two pythons were digesting a maximum political benefit from a journey that was no doubt in the first instance motivated by nothing more formidable than the wish to take a pleasant springtime vacation in a picturesque section of the lovely Mediterranean coast.

● We commend to the attention of our readers the plight of Ernesto de la Fé, described in this issue by John Leonard of the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW. As we go to press, it is reported that Ernesto de la Fé is being tried by a military tribunal for the crime of anti-Communism. He is within the grasp of the Communists in Cuba, but not wholly outside the reach of the Hemisphere's anti-Communists, perhaps the solidest concentration of whom constitute the readership of NATIONAL REVIEW. We therefore urge that you read the story, and take action, through your elected representatives, to save Ernesto de la Fé and prevent what could be the first official execution, this side of the Iron Curtain, for the crime of anti-Communism.

● When the Albanian Communist Party (Europe's youngest) celebrated its sixteenth anniversary recently, only one founding father was mentioned in the official releases—Enver Hoxha. Omitted were Kémal Stafo and Vassil Chanto, killed fighting the Nazis; Kotschi Dzodzé, Liri Gega and Dali Ndreou, executed by Hoxha; Nako Spirou, a suicide (with an assist by Hoxha); Tuk Yakova, Imer Dichnitsa, Pandi Christo, Kadri Hoxha and Bedri Spahiou, jailed by Hoxha; Christo Temeljko, Djin Markou and Ramadan Tchikakou, expelled from the Party by Hoxha. Quite a man, Hoxha, as a killer—a sure enough Stakhanovite.

● When Hawaii was aspiring to statehood, the Territory's Commission on Subversive Activities was often cited as proof that the people of Hawaii took the Communist menace seriously. But one wonders. Since statehood, the Commission has received shabby treatment. Its request for $60,000 for operating expenses was first trimmed to $47,000 by Governor Quinn and later slashed to $35,000 by the same Legislature that voted the Boxing Commission $30,000. The real measure of its importance, and, incidentally, of the political dominance of Harry Bridges in the State of Hawaii, will be seen when the first state Legislature convenes in August. Many believe the state Legislature will calmly abolish the Commission, it having served its window-dressing purpose.

● Up From Presley: From a report by Will Farley of the *Worker* on a Sane Nuclear Policy Committee Rally at Brooklyn College, this item: "Not all autograph hunters are 'rock n' roll' fans of Presley *et al.* A young Brooklyn College student friend of ours proudly displayed Linus Pauling's signature inside his Calculus Book."

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Gromyko at the Bier

Gromyko did much to spoil the significance of Mr. Dulles' funeral, by attending it. Western commentators who interpreted his dramatic decision to come to Washington as designed to show the world that Communists are possessed of human sensibilities, are quite wrong. Gromyko came because, by his presence, the symbol of anti-Communist Western unity at Mr. Dulles' funeral was instantly shattered. For a while it appeared as though the unanimity with which Westerners mourned the loss of Mr. Dulles, the unique lengths they showed themselves prepared to go to pay homage to him, might strike a world accustomed to think of Mr. Dulles as an anti-Communist extremist with tremendous force. Here in fact is the essence of the Western position, the observer might have been tempted to conclude, hearing the eulogy of the virulently anti-Dulles Mr. Gaitskell, noting the extraordinary exertions of Chancellor Adenauer to attend the funeral, pausing over the quality of de Gaulle's tribute, seeing, indeed, how the roar of the achievement of John Foster Dulles crashed through the tinsel of pacifist and neutralist and collaborationist rhetoric that for so many years had pounded away on the theme that John Foster Dulles was an accidental survivor of a McCarthyite view of the Communist movement.

With a single, simple act, decided upon after consultation with his superiors, Gromyko changed all that. By coming to the funeral he broke the developing spell. The mourning over Mr. Dulles became a matter of sentiment alone, shorn of political significance. If Gromyko goes to Mr. Dulles' funeral, it does not seem so remarkable that Hugh Gaitskell should mourn. By the anomaly of Gromyko's presence, the world was immediately jerked back from the piercing insight it thought it had momentarily seen. It was not Dulles' fight against Communism that won him the respect and honor of the world! It was his fight against cancer! Very well then, let us all agree, the whole united world, to fight cancer, just as we have agreed to pool our efforts, with the Russians, to fight malaria.

Mr. Dulles *was* a gallant man, and for his gallantry, he deserves the respect and love of all men; but if he had died of drink, rather than of cancer, we would not honor him less; for his distinctive public achievement was not courage in the face of death, but that greater courage that it requires to be active in a weary world, to stand up against the defeatist machiavellianism of the George Kennans, the packaged internationalist bathos of the Norman Cousinses, the pagan narcissism of the Bertrand Russells, the empty, fatigued, jaded relativism of the revolted masses. He stood up, with a simple idealism, and declared that the West would be free, or would die; that that was the foreign policy of the United States; and that if that left him looking like Billy Graham at the Institute for Advanced Studies, that was the way it would have to be.

John Foster Dulles is missed by everyone from Hugh Gaitskell to Adenauer because the world's spontaneous intuition, which Gromyko did so much to dispel, was correct: there are few like him. It may be years before the torch he carried, so unashamedly, is picked up again by a man of his character and heart.

The Agenda Was Adopted Eighteen Months Ago

From Geneva fifteen hundred journalists hanging around the meeting of the Foreign Ministers transmit daily a million words of high-pressure copy that is duly printed under banner heads in every city of the free world. On May 24 the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee issued a staff study of "The Revival of the Communist International" that was noticed in a half dozen lines in the back pages of a handful of newspapers. In the relative evaluation herein implicit, the press—and through the press, the public opinion—of the free world has, as it so often does, turned matters upside down.

If we had learned the truth about our enemy and if we were resolved to meet his challenge where and as offered, then it would be the Geneva sessions that would be dismissed with a paragraph on an obscure page, and the Senate study that would get the headlines. It is the Senate study that tells the story of the real battles in the real war. What goes on at Geneva is only a shadow play deliberately planned to distract our attention from the main show.

Communism has two chief masks. In one role it is the Soviet government, one government among a hundred others. In the other it is the world revolutionary enterprise, unique and unprecedented, which will not rest until it is alone in the world. Of the two it is the revolutionary enterprise that constitutes the advance combat force, and that maintains the initiative in continuous war against non-Communist mankind.

The Soviet government, with the formal state apparatus, remains in reserve. Its principal international function, indeed, is to act as a cover for the operations of the revolutionary enterprise. And this is most particularly the function of Soviet diplomacy. Soviet diplomacy *always* seeks to clinch, to engage the enemy (us, that is) in negotiations—as many and as prolonged as possible—in order to smother us, to keep us from countering, or even from noticing,

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the doings of the enterprise that go on uninterruptedly behind the diplomats' back.

The Senate study is a documented account of the new organizational form that is being developed to adapt the international apparatus to its current tasks. There is a review of the Communist International, founded in 1919, and nominally liquidated in 1943 to oblige Franklin Roosevelt, and of the Communist Information Bureau that handled the problems that followed Tito's semi-defection. In November 1957 a "Conference of Communist and Workers' Parties" in Moscow was followed by issuance of a Declaration and a Manifesto described by the Comintern veteran, Otto Kuusinen, as the "Charter of Unity of the International Communist Movement." Under the strict and total control of the Russian party leadership, this Conference expresses the continuity of the world enterprise. The main operations have since proceeded in accord with the policy directives laid down by the Presidium and translated for public consumption into the Aesopian words of the Manifesto—which was formally approved by the United States Communist Party in May, 1958.

Whether the Geneva negotiations "succeed" or not, as the journalists put it, is in the last analysis of very little consequence. The Geneva conferences are in any case fulfilling their revolutionary purpose. They are covering the current drives in the Middle East, Africa and the Caribbean. And at the same time they are driving deep into the mind of the masses in the free world the Manifesto's paralyzing slogans that are tooled to open up the present stretch of the revolutionary road:

"Demand an end to the arms drive . . .;

"Demand prohibition of the manufacture and use of atomic and hydrogen weapons, and, as a first step, an immediate end to the testing of these weapons;

"Demand that an end be put to the policy of military blocs, and military bases in other countries;

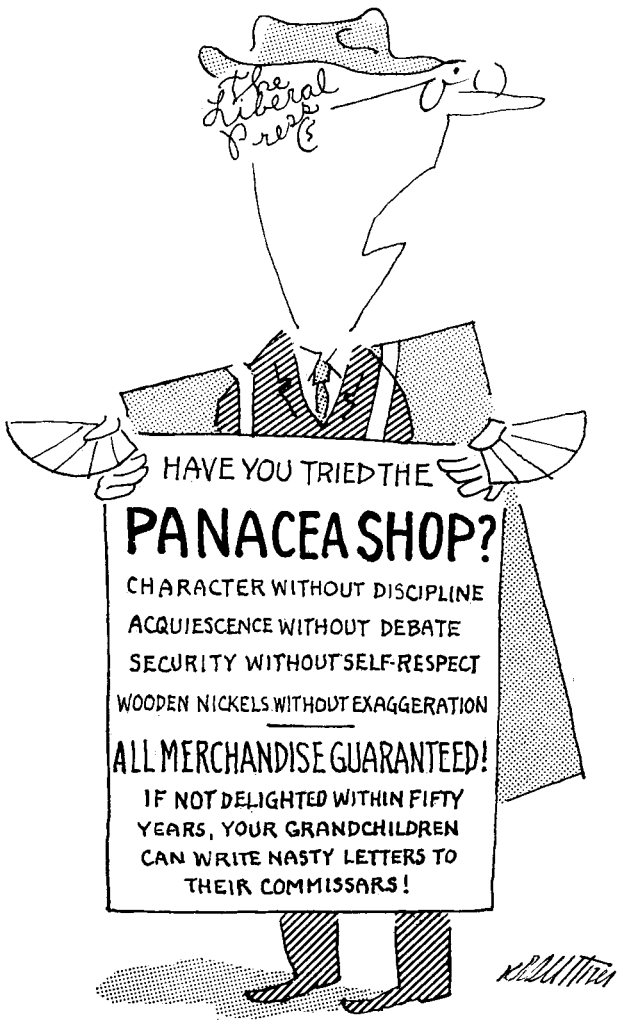
"Demand that the German militarists, chiefly responsible for the last war, are not allowed to rearm in the very heart of Europe;

"Demand an end to the plotting and military provocations of the imperialists in the Middle East;

"Support the policy of peaceful coexistence of different social systems, and the widest economic and cultural cooperation of all peoples . . .

"Organize and work for: 1) *immediate cessation of atomic and hydrogen weapon tests;* 2) *unconditional and speedy prohibition of the manufacture and use of these weapons. . . .*"

The italics are in the original.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ALL MERCHANDISE GUARANTEED!
IF NOT DELIGHTED WITHIN FIFTY YEARS, YOUR GRANDCHILDREN CAN WRITE NASTY LETTERS TO THEIR COMMISSARS!

"I didn't say you shouldn't criticize anything unless you approve of it. I said you shouldn't criticize anything you disapprove of. Or—to put it another way—all criticism of the United Nations, the Supreme Court, Eleanor Roosevelt and Jacob Javits should be prohibited by law—but don't quote me."

Voting for a Veto

"Irresponsible" is the word for the behavior of Democrats in Congress in pushing certain big "budget-busting" spending bills. Surely, most of them must know that inflation, next to the Soviet Union, is America's greatest contemporary enemy. Yet, safe in the knowledge that the President will veto any wild spending bills, they go on voting for the most absurd "projects." Item: the Senate's vote for $2.6 billion for housing. Item: $1.1 billion for aid to education. Item: $251 million for federal grants to chronic unemployment areas. Item: $100 million to help localities build water pollution prevention plants.

The ridiculous thing about all this is that construction activity is brisk and that housing indices are at the highest level in history; that the strain on local educational facilities is lessening; that there is no water pollution emergency justifying major federal intervention; and that unemployment is de-

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clining every day save in areas like Michigan, whose special problems arise primarily from their own fiscal irresponsibility. Knowing all this, any legislator who can do arithmetic must know that he is merely voting with an eye to the crassly porcine vote in 1960 when he says yes to an unnecessary item.

Well, let the fools get themselves on the record. An Eisenhower veto in a time of prosperity will—let us have faith—make for more 1960 election capital than a yes-vote on a needlessly inflationary proposition.

Unfinished Editorial

Mr. Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review,* is much struck by a personal experience. A few weeks ago, at a railroad station in Stamford, Connecticut, about ten o'clock on a Sunday evening, a shrieking, hysterical woman threw herself into the waiting room pursued by a brute who was lashing out at her. Mr. Cousins went immediately to the woman's help, attempting to interpose between her and her assailant. The scuffle went on for several moments—while a dozen or so bystanders, including uniformed soldiers, stood idly by. Finally, the assailant grabbed the woman's handbag and tore off into the night.

"We sat her down," Mr. Cousins writes in the *Saturday Review,* "then telephoned the police. . . . Except for three or four persons who now came up to her, the people in the room seemed unconcerned. The young men in uniform were still standing in the same place, chatting among themselves as before. I am not sure which was greater, the shock of the attack that had just occurred or the shock caused by the apparent detachment and unconcern of the other people, especially the men in uniform."

The experience caused Mr. Cousins to ruminate: "What is happening, I believe, is that the natural reactions of the individual against violence are being blunted. The individual is being desensitized by living history. He is developing new reflexes and new responses that tend to slow up the moral imagination and relieve him of essential indignation over impersonal hurt. . . . We have made our peace with violence. . . . The desensitization of twentieth-century man is more than a danger to the common safety. It represents the loss or impairment of the noblest faculty of human life—the ability to be aware both of suffering and beauty; the ability to share sorrow and create hope; the ability to think and respond beyond one's wants. There are some things we have no right ever to get used to. One of these most certainly is brutality. The other is the irrational. Both brutality and the irrational have now come together and are moving towards a dominant pattern. If the pattern is to be resisted and changed, a special effort must be made. A very special effort."

Mr. Cousins might have gone on to make a special effort of his own—by continuing his editorial, *e.g.,* as follows:

"I recognize that I have unwittingly contributed to the desensitization I bemoan. I have for years joined actively in enterprises which have sought to make peace with the Soviet Union and Communist China; I have thus been prepared to gloss over the slave camps, Moscow Trials, Hungary and Tibet, and to sanction tacitly a continuation of the violence which is daily visited upon millions of my fellow men, wretched enough to be born within the reach of the Soviet monster. Worse, I now realize that such organizations as the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, in which I have played a major role, have labored to substitute an abstract concern for the genetic parity of the species generations hence, for a realistic, immediate concern for the living men, women, and children whose bodies are mutilated, and spirits crushed, by organized assailants against whom I have never sought to interpose either myself or my country. I pledge that I shall no longer contribute to the institutionalization of violence, by showing myself prepared to coexist with it; I pledge never to extinguish the hope of the slave for deliverance. No one will henceforward say of Norman Cousins, citizen of the world, that I stood idly by, counting the strontium content in the air over the Sahara Desert, while millions of my fellow citizens were being tortured. I shall remember the lesson of Stamford, Connecticut."

Tough Sledding on the Upside

Mr. Donald I. Rogers, Business and Financial Editor for the *New York Herald Tribune,* is promoting a marriage between unemployed poets and illiterate Wall Street market letters, and we are quite certain there is no one around who knows any reason whatever why the match should not be consummated. Mr. Rogers eased into the subject suavely in his column of April 26, but he had in reserve a couple of haymakers, for those who doubt that Wall Street prose is in urgent need of attention. Namely:

(From one newsletter last February): "The market had somewhat tougher sledding on the upside yesterday with prices seesawing back and forth in a narrow range at least during the early hours." (From another): "Much strength was splashed across the industrial list . . . American Cyanimid, too long in the doldrums, brightened the chemical department, running neck and neck with Dow and Union Carbide for group honors."

And the crowning lucidity: "It may be true that

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investor-speculator sentiment has shown greater dynamism than the business trend; nevertheless, participation in the equity market is also based on a measure of protection against further shrinkage in money values as well as the fact that common stock-holdings provide the means to participate in the long-range growth of the economy."

When this kind of thing gets published and poets go unemployed, that's what one calls Immobility of the Labor Market.

The Conscience of Harlem

The race issue walked into the hospital strike last week; and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. was not far behind, dressed in his sacerdotal disguise. It has now been discovered that the hospitals are racist—anti-Negro and anti-Puerto Rican. Why this was not discovered before is not very clear, though it may be that those who are giving racism a good demagogic workout were inhibited by the fact that six out of seven of the struck hospitals are Jewish, and the chairman of the board of the seventh is Jewish also. The strikers must have chewed on that over a few days: Might they and *their* friends be called racist, for imputing racism to a minority?

In any case, having checked it out, they evidently decided to risk it, and it seems so far to have gone along all right. The Anti-Defamation League has not charged the unions with anti-Semitism, and Adam Clayton Powell Jr., though he has invited the people of the world to know that there reside in the hospitals of New York exploiters of downtrodden races with hearts as cold and implacable as a surgeon's knife, has not declared a state of war between Jews and Negroes-Puerto Ricans. As far as Mr. Powell is concerned, it is still merely the old war between Black and White, whose existence he discovered many years ago.

The nation's press is prohibited by the relevant taboos from doing the sociological field work necessary to talk back to the demagogues, so here is NATIONAL REVIEW again, alone speaking out on a very sticky subject, with no alternative to saying, simply: the reason the majority of those doing the menial work in hospitals are Negroes and Puerto Ricans is because there are more Negroes and Puerto Ricans in New York at the level of skill and performance that brings low economic rewards than there are, say, Swedes and Jews. We can think of no conceivable manner in which the administrators of the seven hospitals could succeed in implementing an employment policy designed to pursue their putative vendetta against Negroes and Puerto Ricans—except by refusing to *hire* Negroes and Puerto Ricans!—though no doubt Mr. Powell will very soon be suggesting that all those doctors and X-ray machines and blood transfusions are merely cover for organized anti-Negroism.

The fact remains, doggedly through all the bluster, that the hospitals went to the market place, put up a sign saying "We Have Jobs at $40 Per Week," were approached by a number of people who accepted the terms—and happened to be mostly Puerto Rican and Negro—and got on with the business of running a hospital. They were not then aware that transactions in the market place must have the approval of labor union oligarchs, associations for the advancement of racial minorities, and, of course, the Conscience of Harlem, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

> **"No act of Congress shall be construed as indicating an intent on the part of Congress to occupy the field in which such act operates to the exclusion of all state laws on the same subject matter, unless such act contains an express provision to that effect, or unless there is a direct and positive conflict between such act and a state law so that the two cannot be reconciled or consistently stand together."**
> *—The key States' Rights paragraph of the bill approved May 12 by a 17-15 vote of the House Judiciary Committee to clarify congressional intent with respect to the scope of federal legislation.*

All Ye Who "Justly Dispair"

"10 Reasons Why You As An Independent Student Liberal Belong In SDA," from a flyer, Students for Democratic Action . . . Reason No. 5. "By reaffirming faith in the free academic community and the student's inalienable right to seek out truth wherever it exists, SDA carries forward the great Western tradition of free and unimpeded scholarship." From *Crosscurrents,* "Official Newsletter of Campus division Americans for Democratic Action, City College of New York," Vol. II, no. 2: ". . . The dangers of limiting academic freedom lie simply in the fact that such limitation is invaryably based upon the prevaling temper of the times . . . No true sholarly inquiry after truth can be fruitful if it is dependent upon the continence of the popular whim . . . when the day comes that democracy as an idea cannot compete with other ideas, that day rings the death knell of democracy. To say that communists are more persuasive, or adept is to imply that they have better people holding their idiology than we have holding ours. If such be the case we may all justly dispair of any hope of the continuance of democracy." (*If you don't believe it, the originals are in our strong-box.*)

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

A Communist View of Soviet Strategy

There are trends—and trends. Those of policy we pay most attention to, the unfolding of events and pronouncements by public people, and the meaning these seem to hold for the future. The U. S. is negotiating firmly about Berlin, and so appears unlikely to yield the world without a struggle. The Soviet Union has succeeded in making Berlin negotiable, and so appears likely to keep inching ahead toward world dominion. Watching such trends becomes tiresome because they don't change much; and depressing because they augur doom.

Another kind, less easy to recognize as such, takes shape in the form of ideas. Most of these trends are depressing too—policy, after all, is the harvest of the prevalent ideas. But ideas are also being generated by Men Who Know the Score; who know, for example, that Berlin-type negotiations are not only futile but do positive harm to the West. The thinking of these men is worth keeping track of even though they are currently on "the outside." For one day they may be called in.

Stefan Possony and William Kintner are two such men, and the answers they suggest are representative. The selection from Possony I take from a recent consultation with the Committee on Un-American Activities; Kintner's, from his new book, *Protracted Conflict,* the first chapter of which ran in the May *Esquire.*

The first problem in plotting strategy, Possony and Kintner agree, is to try to understand the enemy's strategy. And this is the problem to which both presentations primarily address themselves. "The master plan of Communist strategy," Kintner says, is as clear as *Mein Kampf* or the *Tanaka Memorial.* It is "the strategy of protracted conflict," a term "first used by Mao Tse-tung . . ." Mao invented the term to describe the means by which "weaker powers, in time, gain the strength necessary to overcome stronger ones. This strength is gained not only through warfare—which is often, in fact, a last resort—but through other, subtler means, political, economic and even psychological. It is a method requiring infinite patience; the purpose of each action, military or otherwise, is not to gain an immediate smashing victory but rather to enhance the relative power position of the weaker at the expense of the stronger. The parallel to a game of chess is unmistakeable. White's disadvantage is black's advantage. Poker players, as we are in the West, always hoping for the lucky draw, are helpless before it."

The Communist performance in Korea, Indochina and elsewhere is ample confirmation of the point: "the Soviets seem manifestly reluctant to leap into an all-out fight." Contrary to the Western concept of total war or total peace, Communist thinking envisions conflicts for "limited stakes." Mao "preached war for war's sake," Kintner concedes, but it was "an unending war for power whose final outcome even he did not pretend to know." According to Mao: "A military expert cannot expect victory in war by going beyond the limits imposed by material conditions . . . " So, Kintner says, with the Communist concept of politico-military war, "By limiting the scope of the action and keeping its tempos perfectly under control the victory may finally be won."

And as Mao "constantly warns against military adventurism," Russian leaders have consistently prescribed a similar strategy. Kintner holds that "Soviet Communists see the world revolution essentially as a gigantic war of attrition which will last a hundred years or so . . . " As for the future, "it is virtually certain that the Communists will continue to prefer the indirect approach rather than risk a sudden life-and-death engagement."

A shooting war, Possony agrees, is but "one band in a whole spectrum of conflict techniques." But he insists that while the enemy rejects "extreme violence" where his objectives can be achieved by less risky means, he goes on preparing for the "military phase of the conflict, which . . . has been and still is considered inevitable." True, the Twentieth Party Congress modified this point "just a little bit": the Communists now say, in effect, that "world revolution might be completed without nuclear holocaust." But on the Communists' own showing, Possony adds, "this is only a vague possibility." The "possibility," moreover, "is *not a point of Communist doctrine but an estimate of Western internal security and moral courage.*"

Possony then quotes Mao: "Every Communist must grasp the truth: 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.' " Mao develops this theme in another passage of his *Selected Works* in the recent Russian edition: *"The central task and the supreme form of a revolution is the seizure of political power by force of arms and the solution of problems by war. This principle of Marxism-Leninism holds true everywhere . . . "*

Recent events and their effect on the Communist mentality tend to sustain the prophets. Soviet leaders, Possony concludes, "are in a great hurry. The world revolution is taking much longer than expected. Things can be speeded up only through violence . . . power comes from the barrel of the gun. In future, undoubtedly, it is going to grow out from nuclear bombs and missile warheads."

These analyses reflect two common tendencies—one, to give at least as much weight to recent Communist performance as to the Book and the Prophets; the other, to acknowledge China's Mao as Communism's chief prophet. And also a major disagreement—over whether the enemy anticipates a decisive military showdown. While the disagreement is a matter of emphasis, much may depend on which answer is favored: how scarce resources will be distributed to the U. S. military establishment; whether our defensive strategy will be geared to "massive retaliation" or "limited warfare"; what kind of blow(s) the U. S. will strike on the day it turns to the offensive.

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Cyrus Eaton: An Old Man Goes East

Mr. Eaton isn't just a capitalist— he's a capitalist who made good. Why, then, his compulsive urge toward Moscow?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Cyrus Stephen Eaton, the 76-year-old Canadian-born Cleveland financier, railroad man and ironmaster, has been making news recently on the old man-bites-dog principle. He, the most fearsome living incarnation of the old-time competitive capitalist spirit, has seldom missed an opportunity to embrace Soviet dictator Nikita Khrushchev, who stands for everything in the way of social organization that Mr. Eaton temperamentally abhors.

The facts in the case are plain. Eaton, with his wife, tours the Soviet Union, passing out compliments to the commissars and making extreme statements reflecting on the integrity and even the sanity of the American government. He lends his name, and his ancestral home at Pugwash, Nova Scotia, to gatherings of atomic scientists who urge the West to reach an atomic test accord with the Russians.

At home in the U.S., Eaton entertains Russian journalists, diplomats and traveling members of the Soviet Politburo at his Ohio farm or his Cleveland business suite. Again the compliments flow, along with the undertow of wild derogation of Washington. He sends a prize bull to Moscow and, in return, accepts a troika (three Russian horses and a carriage). He uses an appearance on a Mike Wallace television show to lump the FBI, the Internal Revenue commissioners and the Department of Agriculture together as snoopers (which they are), but he spoils his point by adding the innuendo that they are comparable to Hitler's Gestapo (which is the sort of ridiculous nonsense that one reads in the Communist press). Altogether Cyrus Eaton, who has made "savage poetry" out of his career as a capitalist, boxes the compass of the Communist line from North to South and from East to West, not even missing the standard cracks at Chiang Kai-shek.

How is it that such a strange bedfellowship as Eaton-Khrushchev could come about? How is it that Cyrus Eaton, who used to be pained whenever a municipality in the U.S. took over a power station, can hobnob with a Tartar dictator who would socialize every last cabbage patch inside the USSR, if not the world? Why, indeed, should the last great capitalist adventurer, a man who put together two staggering fortunes in a career that was only momentarily interrupted by the 1929 crash, suddenly emerge in his old age as America's Number One Fellow Traveler and Communophile? And how, above all, can a person with some kindly instincts (Eaton once bought a decrepit steel mill in West Virginia to keep a whole town from going down the drain) be so profoundly callous as to dismiss the Hungarian revolution as a "phony issue"?

The motive could be simple: after all, the late Ernest Weir, head of the National Steel Co., turned pro-Russian before he died merely because he hoped something could be made out of U.S.-Soviet trade. But Mr. Eaton, though he, too, is a trader who would not scorn rubles provided they could be turned into dollars, is a tremendously complex personality. The probability is that this smiling man with the icy-blue eyes, this "capitalist who looks like a cardinal," has a whole complex of reasons for linking arms with the dictator who has said "we will bury you."

Economic Empire Builder

Riffling through Mr. Eaton's stirring past, one is impressed first of all by the vast scale upon which the man has operated. He has always wanted to play with continents the way boys play with toy railroad sets. As a public utilities tycoon in the 1920s he had one ambition: to run an electric power empire bigger than that of Samuel Insull. As a steel man in the twenties Eaton put together the Republic Steel Corporation—and he was busy fighting Bethlehem Steel for Youngstown Sheet and Tube when the 1929 depression sent his best-laid plans agley. He went broke grandiosely, losing $20 million with the failure of his investment trust, Continental Shares, Inc.

Then, instead of jumping out of a hotel window, Eaton came back. He now controls billions in transportation (Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Slick Airways), iron ore (Steep Rock in western Ontario, the Ungava deposits in northern Quebec), and in banking and public utilities. Plotting to sell Ungava iron ore to Europe from an ice-free storage depot in Greenland, Eaton has brought Krupp of Germany and a number of allied Rhineland steel companies into his Quebec project on a fifty-fifty basis.

The man is incredibly healthy: he eats well, sleeps well, and never takes aspirins (he suspects they give other men ulcers). If he lives to exploit some still-to-be-discovered iron ore deposits on Baffin Island (he has already had a prospector there) in his nineties or even in his hundredth year, nobody would be less surprised than Cyrus Eaton.

Along with the vast scale of his operations Eaton has developed some proportionate obsessions. In revenge he is as implacable as Orestes or any single-minded tragedian in a drama of blood. Conversely, he likes to play Medici, civic benefactor and kindly old man. He thinks of himself as an intellectual. Finally, echoing William Zeckendorf, he dotes on a latter-day alchemy that changes paper into gold. ("If two and two don't make five," said Zeckendorf, "there's no deal.")

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Eaton's obsessions crop up in a number of constantly recurring patterns. To sustain his enmity-motif, Eaton has developed the memory of an elephant for slights and rebuffs; he never lets up on an enemy so long as there is the remotest possibility of giving him one last flick with the back of his hand. These enmities have frequently propelled Eaton into strange alliances, on the principle that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Because of his hatred for "Wall Street," Eaton went against all his competitive capitalist instincts and embraced the New Deal. To stop Newton D. Baker, a Cleveland lawyer and politico with Wall Street connections, Eaton became a "Roosevelt man before Chicago" in 1932. And after Bob Taft had angered him by letting the Taft law firm in Cincinnati serve the eastern investment bankers in a legal capacity in connection with an issue of Cincinnati Terminal bonds, Eaton made a $30,000 campaign gift in 1950 to Joe Ferguson, Taft's Democratic opponent in the Ohio senatorial race, and to the rest of Joe Ferguson's ticket. It did not matter that Taft, on balance, was far closer to Eaton's own capitalist predilections than Ferguson: revenge was obviously on Eaton's mind. Years later he loaned money to the employees of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* to buy their paper, which kept it from falling into the hands of the Taft family.

On the alchemic side, there is Eaton's compelling relish for an "operation." Mr. Eaton loves to put unlike things together to produce an astonishing result. An example: at the end of World War II Eaton, sensing that even high-cost steel mills would be money-makers during the postwar scramble for goods, bought the Portsmouth, Ohio, subsidiary of the Wheeling Steel Company, incorporated it, and put Harold Ruttenberg, once a business-baiting economist for the United Steelworkers of America, in charge of it. Ruttenberg proved to be a capable steelmaster and an excellent salesman, and Eaton eventually sold a profitable property to the Detroit Steel Corporation, meanwhile preserving the old corporate shell of Portsmouth as a holding company. Then, through his holding company, Eaton bought control—of Detroit Steel! As a result of this complex maneuver (suggestive of the Squidgicum Squee that swallered itself) Eaton had made a profit, kept his old steel mill and acquired a wholly new steel empire.

As a reaction from the vengefulness and the intricate parlays of his business life, Eaton exhibits a third pattern—the combined Medicean and Faustian motif. Finding his fellow industrialists dull, Eaton seldom plays or relaxes with them; instead, he seeks to be both the peer and the patron of intellectuals. A full half-century before he had conceived the idea of transforming his ancestral home at Pugwash into a summer retreat for authors, historians, university administrators and atomic scientists. Mr. Eaton gloried in his friendship with William Rainey Harper, President of the Rockefeller-endowed University of Chicago; he has always quoted poetry and read the philosophers; he has written six books and many articles, including a review of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas' *Democracy and Finance* for the University of Chicago *Law Review*. John Dewey was Eaton's friend and a summer visitor in Nova Scotia (at a second Eaton vacation retreat at Deep Cove) long before there was an Eaton-organized "Pugwash Conference" of intellectuals to deplore the atomic arms race with Soviet Russia.

The recurrent patterns or motifs in Mr. Eaton's life have nothing to do *per se* with Communism. But when one scrambles together Eaton's enmities for Wall Street and Wall Street lawyers, his zest in a complex international market parlay which can bring Krupp into Canada, and his desire to mingle with atomic physicists who have the atom bomb on their collective conscience, the emergence of the Fellow Traveler of Moscow becomes plausible.

Like Eaton, the Communists also hate Wall Street. They also love any and all Western atomic scientists (and allied intellectuals) who wear sackcloth and ashes because of the bomb. And (the final fillip of the Eaton parlay that has brought Krupp of Germany into Quebec iron ore), the Communists have a deal with the Krupp companies to take large amounts of finished steel products for the Soviet Seven Year Plan. It used to be Tinker to Evers to Chance; now it's Eaton to Krupp to Mikoyan.

Mr. Eaton, it must be said, has some reason for his bitterness. He began by taking the capitalistic system seriously. He thought it a good thing for the steel business to be decentralized. And a competitive system, so he argued, should be competitive all the way: when a railroad or a utility has bonds to float, all underwriters, not merely a favored few, should have a chance to bid for the privilege of marketing them. In all this Mr. Eaton is a more consistent competitor than his enemies.

Tycoon into Operator

If the believer in true competition must throw up his hands in horror at Eaton's career as a Soviet apologist since 1954, the same believer in true competition must grant that Eaton has been a towering figure in American industrial history. He has brought many things to fruition. True, there are those who argue that Eaton's Cleveland investment banking house, Otis and Co., welshed on a promise in 1948 when it failed to go through with the underwriting of a Kaiser-Frazer automobile stock issue of 900,000 shares. But the courts vindicated Eaton, and history subsequently demonstrated that the Kaiser-Frazer prospects were nowhere near as good as the company's prospectus. So Eaton can't be called a liar when he says he would have been faithless to his customers if he had gone through with the Kaiser-Frazer deal.

Many of Eaton's business critics, in fact, sound unctuous and hypocritical; their unadmitted objection would seem to be that Eaton has beaten them at their own game. Certainly the man is admirable for his nervous force, his refusal to curl up and die when, by all the portents, that was what was in store for him. In 1933 Eaton's career lay in ruins; he had kept his Acadia Farm home at Northfield, Ohio, and he had hung on to his share of Otis and Co., but everything else—his utilities, his steel mills, his investment trust, even his first wife, who sued him for divorce—was gone. Eaton's response to failure was to make a quick grasp for new levers of power. Plotting a triumphant return from Elba, he ceased

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to be a tycoon and became what is known as an operator.

The distinction is important. For where a tycoon is superior to his surrounding atmosphere, an operator tries to adapt the prevailing psychological climate to his own uses. The tycoon gives orders to politicos; the operator associates himself with their pet causes. The tycoon watches market forces; the operator tries to anticipate those who interfere with market forces.

As an operator Eaton cultivated Washington personalities—not the elected members of Congress but the young raring-to-go administrative employees of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the SEC. With Robert R. Young, who had taken over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad as a preliminary to his later onslaught on the New York Central, Eaton forced the New Deal to require competitive bidding for railroad bond flotations, a move which diverted a good percentage of this lucrative business to two bumptious western investment houses, Halsey, Stuart of Chicago and Eaton's own Otis and Co., of Cleveland. Meanwhile, again fighting side by side with Young, Eaton urged the Department of Justice to crack down on the Morgan, the Kuhn, Loeb and other eastern investment interests for "monopolizing" the market in new stock issues.

As an "operator" Eaton had departed from the pure milk of the capitalistic word; here he was depending on government to make opportunity for him. But he remembered all that John D. Rockefeller Sr., his first employer, had taught him about capitalist performance. As a young man from the herring-smelly shores of Pugwash up near the cold Gulf of St. Lawrence, whither an ancestor had gone as a Loyalist refugee from the American Revolution, Eaton had visited his uncle, the Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, in Cleveland. Charles Eaton, later destined to fame as head of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, happened to be the pastor of the "Rockefeller church" on Euclid Avenue. It wasn't long before nephew Cyrus had a job in the Rockefeller household, where he listened to tales of how John D. had picked up the Mesabi iron mines of Minnesota for

virtually nothing during the panic year of 1894, later selling them to the United States Steel Corporation in 1901 for $68 million. Cyrus also heard the elder Rockefeller refer to J. P. Morgan, who had put U. S. Steel together, as a "mere banker." Both the story of the Mesabi and the characterization of Morgan stuck with Eaton.

They were to have their belated echoes in 1943. Eaton's reiterative criticisms of "mere bankers" during the years when he was wailing about the shortage of investment capital in the Midwest had been heard in Canada, where the Canadian investment banking system was not adequate to the development of the more risky mining ventures. For years prospectors had been running across "floating" bodies of ore at the south end of Steep Rock Lake which indicated the presence somewhere of a mother lode. Then, one cold winter, a Port Arthur, Ontario prospector, Julian Cross, had a bright idea; he persuaded Joseph Errington, an adventurous mining man with funds, to set up rigs on the top of Steep Rock Lake ice. The drills bit down through the ice, through 150 feet of water, and through a thick glacial overburden of gravel. At three points of the W-shaped Steep Rock Lake, Cross and Errington struck rich ore.

The only catch was that 120 billion gallons of water covered the iron. A Steep Rock company, headed by Major General D. M. Hogarth, Quartermaster General of the Canadian Army in World War I, tried Wall Street for money to drain the lake and got "no" for an answer. Then Hogarth thought of Eaton, whom he had once met in a hotel elevator in Toronto.

It was at this point (the year was 1943, and John D. Rockefeller's Mesabi range was being eaten up for armaments) that Eaton's memories, his burning ambition to do something that Wall Street had deemed too big for it, and his two careers as tycoon and operator finally paid off. When Hogarth was talking to him the whole story of his old mentor, John D., and the Mesabi range flashed through his mind. As for the 120 billion gallons of water, he had had experience handling rivers when he was in the utilities business. He told Hogarth he would get him the money to drain Steep Rock Lake, then caught a train for Washington.

His labor leader friend, Phil Murray, got him to Harold Ruttenberg, the steel union's War Production Board representative whom Eaton later hired. Priorities on drills and pumps were quickly arranged, Jesse Jones of the RFC came through with the promised $5 million RFC loan—and the lake was drained. When Eaton was through setting up exploitative companies, taking stock rights, he was again a fabulously wealthy man.

Follows Red Line

The man who has accomplished these things is in the great mold of the Rockefellers, the Guggenheims, the Vanderbilts, and all the other builders who were traduced by the pigmies of the Rooseveltian decade as "robber barons." Mr. Eaton is an attractive man in many ways. He is a bird-lover and a man of the open air who lives quietly on 850 well-tended acres at his Northfield, Ohio farm, where he takes a meticulous interest in his piggery, his prize Shorthorn cattle, and the fields of millet, soybeans and sunflower seeds that he grows for visiting goldfinches and whitethroats. He loves cold country and cold weather; ten years ago, at 65, he was still playing pick-up ice hockey, and he still goes skiing every winter at Mont Tremblant with some of his thirteen grandchildren. Recently he married a second time; his wife, the former Mrs. Anne Kinder Jones, was a college classmate of his daughter-in-law. The new Mrs. Eaton is a victim of polio, which she contracted in maturity; she travels about with Eaton in a wheelchair, and she has ambitions to run for the U.S. Senate, preferably for the seat now held by Taft's Democratic friend, Frank Lausche. Clevelanders speak well of her, and

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deny the gossip that it was she who put Cyrus up to his pro-Soviet tricks.

Canny students of Marxism think it completely inexplicable that Eaton, a man of riches and many blessings, should bite off virtually the entire Communist line for the U.S. from FBI-baiting to recognition-for-Red-China and let's-stop-atomic-tests-right-away. They find it incomprehensible that Eaton should entertain A. Topchiev, the commissar of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, at his Pugwash gatherings of scientific men. After all, Topchiev has called it a "profoundly mistaken conclusion" for scientific workers to believe that there can be a "coexistence of the two ideologies," a "peaceful coexistence of countries with different social-economic systems." If that doesn't sound like a declaration of eternal war, then words mean nothing.

But to Eaton, the words do mean nothing. He thinks Khrushchev's and Topchiev's Marxist imprecations are mere "campaign oratory," the sort of gabble that was once indulged in by Americans in the "Manifest Destiny" epoch. Eaton forgets that "Manifest Destiny" led to the Mexican and Spanish-American wars and the acquisition by the United States of real estate from the Rio Neuces to the Philippines, and—going the other way—from California to Puerto Rico. Marxist "Manifest Destiny" has been no less dynamic.

In short, Eaton, who prides himself on being an intellectual, has apparently never bothered his head to study Marxism. If you ask him how he knows he can trust Khrushchev, he answers, "How do you know you can trust anybody? People can be trusted in material things when it is to their advantage to live up to their bargain." Since it is illogical to suppose that Khrushchev, Mikoyan, Gromyko and Menshikov and Sobelov (all friends of Eaton) could want to see the Soviet Union devastated in an atomic war, Eaton thinks the basis for an agreement with the Russians is there. He cannot see the counterargument, that if Khrushchev is really afraid of atomic war, there is no reason why the West should hurry to deal with him. If we hold the cards, why not wait?

When it is suggested to Eaton that it is the Communists, not the capitalists, who have been knocking off country after country (Czechoslovokia, Poland, Hungary, Red China, Indochina, Tibet) since Yalta, the words roll off his back. He thinks peace is to be had merely by soft words on the part of the West. In business, he says, you don't go around plastering men with epithets.

This is strange doctrine to come from a master of epithet, one who has referred to the "sacred seventeen" of the eastern investment bankers as members of the "colorless fraternity." But Eaton does not submit his own recent behavior to the test of logic. He fell into the business of entertaining Russians by accident. Some three or more years ago Frank Kluckhohn was busy shepherding a group of Soviet journalists into Cleveland to see a football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Pittsburgh Steelers. Although the Steelers were good enough to form a personal guard for the Soviet journalists as they passed through a picket line to their hotel, the Russians said they would be glad to forego the football match if they could meet a live American capitalist. Eaton was in town; and he fell. He liked the Russians—and he has been entertaining them at his Northfield farm ever since.

A Case of Vanity?

The most plausible explanation for his behavior is that his vanity has become involved. Playing host to the Soviets, Eaton knew that he was annoying an old business enemy, John Foster Dulles. He knew he was doing what comes naturally to his intellectual friends who contribute to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and that he was pleasing his old friend Bertrand Russell. He knew that he was furthering the Ungava iron ore campaign which he has mapped out with Alfred Krupp, who has no compunctions about selling heavy machinery to Moscow and to Asiatic "neutralist" nations. And if he delights in attacking the FBI, he can recall that Max Lowenthal, his old brother-in-arms of the days when Eaton, Robert R. Young and Senator Burton Wheeler were all fighting the eastern railroads, was the author of the first anti-FBI book.

Eaton is not the first big figure in American industrial history to be trapped by his emotional commitments. Old Henry Ford, for example, had nothing against any particular Jew. But he hated bankers, and, since some bankers had Jewish names, Henry Ford was easily beguiled into accepting the balderdash about a conspiracy of the Elders of Zion. The fact that Henry Ford was a child in some respects does not detract from his genius at his own business of making cars. Similarly with Eaton: the fact that he knows nothing about Marxism does not detract from what he has done as a entrepreneur. Conversely, his ability to swing a business deal, to match capital to the raw materials of the Canadian wilderness, does not make him an authority on foreign affairs.

If there is anything more to Cyrus Eaton's recent behavior than has been here surmised, it rests in the secret places of the heart. But that is a region into which the mere journalist may not enter. The record shows nothing more than has been here disclosed. The picture nevertheless paints itself, and if William of Occam is right in his philosophic contention that there is no use multiplying entities, then the picture is enough.

The truly horrifying and dismaying thing about it all is that Eaton seems blithely unaware that his willingness to break bread with the most bloody-minded gang of murderers in international history involves a spiritual torpor that is doubly inexplicable in the light of Mr. Eaton's earliest career. Long before he became a great capitalist Eaton studied for the ministry; indeed, his youthful interest in ethics was what first commended him to the Baptist in John D. Rockefeller Sr. Eaton has obviously been betrayed by the circumstances of his career as a chronic "ag'iner" into his present lurid eminence as Number One U.S. Fellow Traveler of Moscow's murderous combine. What should be our reaction to this? In some cases it may be permissible to say that "to understand everything is to forgive everything." But hardly in the case of a former student of divinity who once served as lay pastor of a Baptist church. After all, it was not of ethically trained individuals that Christ said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

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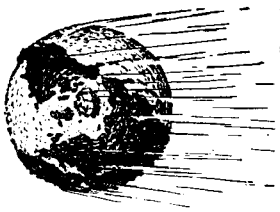

Mystery Mongering Over the Kremlin

JAMES BURNHAM

Every age has its soothsayers, palmists, oracles, astrologers, augurs or gypsies who, for a price, are ready to watch the bird flights, cast a horoscope, dissect the entrails, consult the sacred books or turn over the cards, and therefrom tell us what the future holds in store.

Besides continuing most of these older vatic schools, we have added several new brands; prominent among them the "Russian experts." Just as the Roman consuls and Senate never embarked on any public enterprise without the good word on eagle flyovers or chicken gizzards from aruspex and augur, so our magistrates, before major action, await an auspicious utterance from the experts—and do not neglect, of course, the traditional preliminary of crossing the palms with silver.

These experts are adepts at the mysteries of what the French fortnightly, *Est & Ouest,* calls "Kremlinology." Poring in their midnight towers over the Sybilline leaves of Lenin, Stalin and Suslov; feeding the columns of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* to their hungry computers; shuffling the Top and Bottom Secret messages from the daily Intelligence pack; intoning the statistical variations in the Soviet broadcasts; dispatching their doctoral acolytes to view the flight of opinions: the experts notify their clients of the hidden doings of the Black Queen, the Red Knave and the deuce in the Kremlin.

You Takes Your Choice

Est & Ouest performs a notable service to common sense by reviewing, every six months or so, the records of the high priests of Kremlinology. It pays particular attention to the great public temples: the *New York Times, Le Monde* of Paris, *Time* and *Newsweek,* the London *Times,* the U.S. Air Force's Rand Corporation. Each such review proves that the experts know, concerning the political situation inside the Kremlin, precisely nothing. Their revelations and prophecies have the same evidential value as those of the other wizards, crystal gazers and gypsy fortune tellers from time immemorial.

Est & Ouest shows that most of what the experts tell exists only in their own fancy. The pregnant squabbles in the Secretariat; the rifts between Mao and Khrushchev—and the reconciliations; the conflicts between Army and Party, Party and Secret Police, Army and Industrial Managers; the intrigues of Stalinists against anti-Stalinists; the links of Beria or Malenkov or Khrushchev or Zhukov to light industry or heavy, soft policy or hard, pro-West or anti-West; nine-tenths of it all is a fairy story written in their tea leaves. In three months it is all forgotten anyway, and a new tale spun.

The Nonsense Market

No one bothers to recall that the experts named Zhukov boss the day before he was arrested, that Malenkov was revealed as Stalin's successor just as he started on the skids, that Beria was one week the dupe and the next week the instigator of the "doctors' plot," that Molotov's post in Outer Mongolia was simultaneous proof of his impotence and of his secret ascendancy as chief liaison with Peiping, that the Army, from one expert essay to the next, restrains the Presidium from war and tries to get the war started.

What accounts for the production of this huge mass of nonsense? For one thing, our newspapers, magazines, government bureaus and military staffs are voracious consumers of Kremlinology. They want not humdrum facts and analyses but sensations, inside stories, dramatic shifts. So, naturally, these goods, which are after all quite simple to manufacture, are supplied in quantity, and in the latest models with built-in obsolescence.

There is, moreover, a fierce competition among the oracles. The early 1921 exiles have got to demonstrate that neither reformed Communists nor post-1945 defectors can do anything *they* can't do; and all these must bid against the sober Ph.D.'s, the personal impression journalists and the computer boys at Rand or MIT. The field is crowded: every defecting junior bureaucrat from a Soviet police organization sets up his tent and discloses, at twenty cents a word, the latest scandal and secret plan of the innermost office of the Kremlin.

Human beings have always been anthropomorphic. Abstractions are hard to follow. We feel more at ease with Moscow when it is pictured in terms of a personalized demonology. Kremlinology specializes in juicy gossip about what each Presidium member does, thinks, feels and stands for.

We also feed our hopes and fears on what these astrologers tell us, as when we visit any other fortune tellers. The dark lady is the villainess to fear. Look for better times when you see the blond man. Naturally it makes no difference that the facts turn out contrariwise. Whoever stopped going to fortune tellers just because they know nothing?

In his press conference two weeks ago, President Eisenhower said he would no doubt go to the Summit because "all of us know that with the Soviet regime there is only one man who can talk authoritatively." "All of us" here means all the experts, who have sold Mr. Eisenhower on the Summit by getting him to believe this particular delusion. The implication is that Khrushchev is now Stalin II, and that for the Soviet Empire his word is law.

For this belief, whether all of us know it or not, there is no real evidence. Though Khrushchev is now top man, he is so as Chairman of the Board, not as unchecked tyrant. He speaks for the Presidium, which is in turn—as the Malenkov-Molotov denouement proved—the executive of the larger central committee. We deal with the Soviet "power" as authentically when Herter meets with Gromyko today as when Mr. Eisenhower meets Khrushchev—if he indeed meets him—tomorrow. The only difference is that we would be giving the Kremlin a bigger sounding board from which to broadcast its message.

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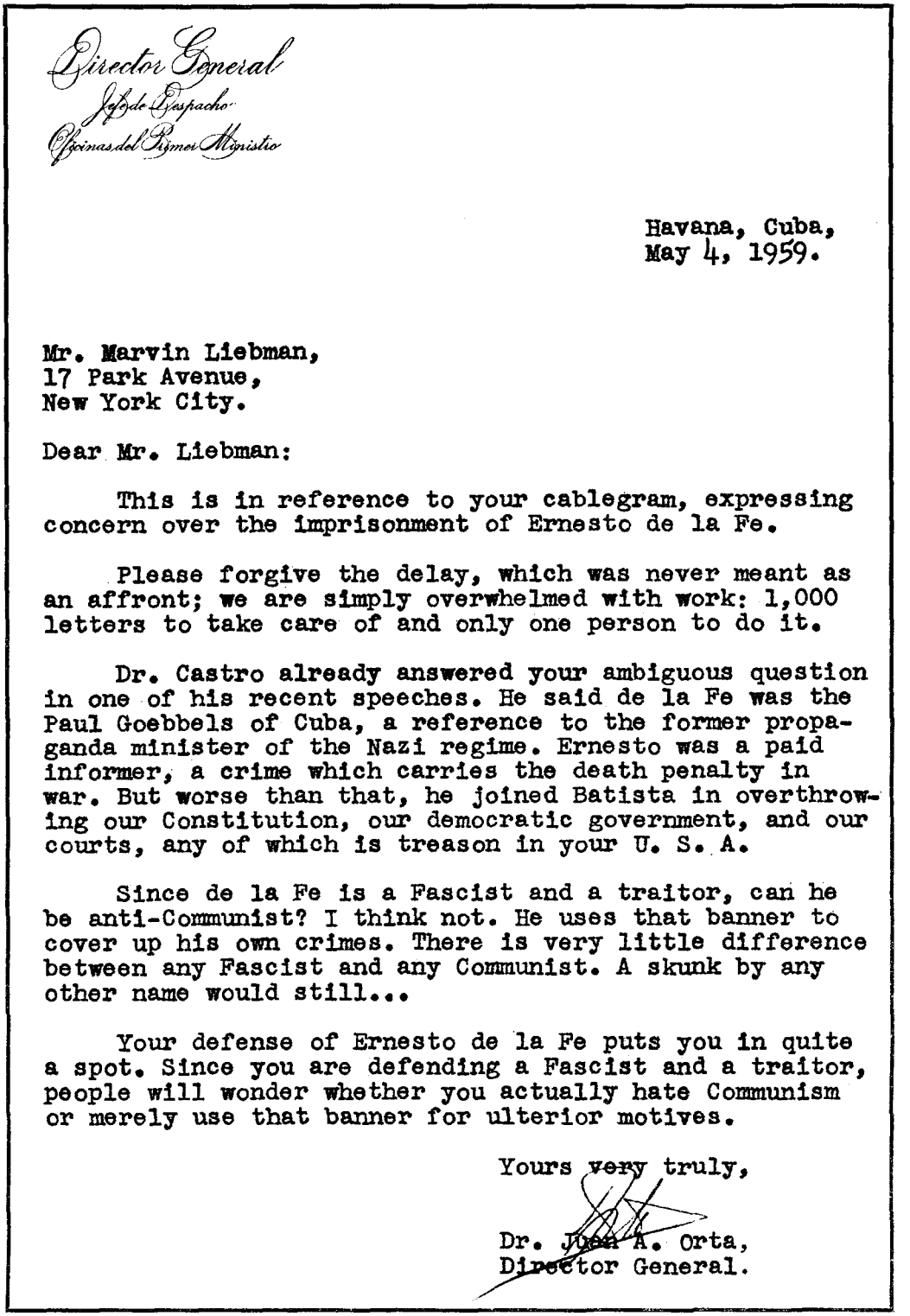
Ernesto de la Fé and

A former cabinet minister and widely respected Latin American newspaperman, Ernesto de la Fé, who fought against both Batista and Communism, faces death in Cuba by a Castro firing squad



Director General
Jefe de Despacho
Oficinas del Primer Ministro

Havana, Cuba,
May 4, 1959.

Mr. Marvin Liebman,
17 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Liebman:

This is in reference to your cablegram, expressing concern over the imprisonment of Ernesto de la Fe.

Please forgive the delay, which was never meant as an affront; we are simply overwhelmed with work: 1,000 letters to take care of and only one person to do it.

Dr. Castro already answered your ambiguous question in one of his recent speeches. He said de la Fe was the Paul Goebbels of Cuba, a reference to the former propaganda minister of the Nazi regime. Ernesto was a paid informer, a crime which carries the death penalty in war. But worse than that, he joined Batista in overthrowing our Constitution, our democratic government, and our courts, any of which is treason in your U. S. A.

Since de la Fe is a Fascist and a traitor, can he be anti-Communist? I think not. He uses that banner to cover up his own crimes. There is very little difference between any Fascist and any Communist. A skunk by any other name would still...

Your defense of Ernesto de la Fe puts you in quite a spot. Since you are defending a Fascist and a traitor, people will wonder whether you actually hate Communism or merely use that banner for ulterior motives.

Yours very truly,

Dr. Juan A. Orta,
Director General.

Reproduction of a letter from the Director General of Fidel Castro's staff to a friend of National Review ***who cabled about the fate of Ernesto de la Fe.***

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the Trial of Fidel Castro

JOHN LEONARD

I went to Havana with the specific intention of interviewing Ernesto de le Fé, premier inmate of Fidel Castro's La Cabaña prison; and the general intention of learning something of the anti-Communist cause in Cuba. I went with the verbal assurance of the Cuban Embassy in Washington that there would be no difficulty in obtaining an interview with de la Fé, that there was "complete freedom of the press in Cuba," and that the provisional government was anxious to cooperate with me, and had nothing to hide.

I did not see de la Fé, assurances notwithstanding. I was shunted from office to office, entwined in red tape of application forms and letters of explanation, accused of representing a "reactionary, anti-Castro magazine," and asked to remain in my hotel room. I did have ample opportunity to talk with a number of Cuban journalists, businessmen, lawyers, members of the government, university students, and ordinary citizens. Most of them were eager to talk to me, although most of them requested that their names be withheld. It is from their testimony that this story has been pieced together, and it will be their goodwill and concern that rescues Cuba—if it can be rescued—from the tide of Communist infiltration.

I. THE MAN

On a winter night in 1948 the embryonic revolutionary, Fidel Castro, fled though the streets of Havana from gangsters on the payroll of a local racketeer named Rolando Masferrer. In desperation Castro sought and received refuge in the home of a Cuban journalist in Nicanor del Campo Marianao. The next evening that same journalist was shot at while bringing Castro's sister to see him in hiding. Does the new Prime Minister remember the journalist who risked his life to help him eleven years ago? His name was Ernesto de la Fé.

Ernesto de la Fé is a short, dark, balding man in his late forties; one of five brothers; married, with two children; a journalist acknowledged throughout Latin America to be honest and compassionate; and incorruptibly anti-Communist.

This week Ernesto de la Fé enters his sixth month in Havana's La Cabaña prison—a dilapidated fortress at the ocean end of the sea-wall, recently converted by Fidel Castro's provisional government into a political prison which holds 1,000 unarraigned, untried prisoners incommunicado, most of whom sleep by necessity at night on the prison floor. De la Fé has not been formally accused of any crime. He has not seen his lawyer, his wife, his brothers, or any of his friends since his arrest on January 4, 1959, three days after Batista fled into exile. He does not know that his wife gave birth to a daughter two months ago. Letters and telegrams to him at La Cabaña are either diverted or destroyed.

Political Mistakes

Ernesto de la Fé is singularly important in La Cabaña because of the esteem in which his colleagues hold him, all over Latin America, because of the rancor of his enemies and because of the circumstances surrounding his arrest and imprisonment. Fidel Castro's press secretary has characterized him as "a Fascist, a traitor, and a skunk"; Castro himself has called him the "Goebbels of Cuba." And then he has been saluted by Mexico City's *El Universal* as a "courageous journalist persecuted for the truth of what he says." His plight has elicited hundreds of protests from newspapermen all over the hemisphere. Last week in Havana most Cuban journalists were predicting he would be shot.

Ernesto de la Fé has made political mistakes. He welcomed Fulgencio Batista's coup d'état of March 10, 1952. Along with others, including members of the U.S. Embassy in Havana, he believed that Batista would improve upon the impotent, corrupt and disintegrating regime of Carlos Prío. Shortly after Batista's bloodless revolution, de la Fé was appointed Minister of Information.

He served in the Batista cabinet for two years, identified primarily for the creation of *El Movimiento de Integración Democrática Americana,* an agency designed to combat Communist infiltration in the government; and his support of a new law protecting the interests of Cuban journalists. The law is still on the statute books—even though Castro's government rules by decree. These two acts comprise the substance of de la Fé's official political career. He was never charged with an act of terrorism, of brutality or corruption.

In September 1954, de la Fé resigned from the Batista cabinet with a violent denunciation of government corruption and cruelty. He charged Batista with a plan for election-rigging the following November, with vote-buying, illegal tax rebates, and broken promises to the Cuban people. In an article published in *Bohemia* magazine, a nationally-distributed monthly, he lambasted Batista for a secret deal with Cuba's Communists, a mutual "non-aggression" agreement which permitted known Communist leaders to operate within the law—so long as they did not obstruct the Batista government.

For two years Ernesto de la Fé campaigned in the public press for government reform. His exposés of Batista atrocities and his reports on Communist infiltration of the Sierra Maestra revolutionary army provided the best and most exciting journalism of an otherwise arid period in Cuban newspaper history. In January 1956, he wrote and published an article accusing Batista of a plot to murder his political opponents, among them Carlos Prío (busy supplying arms and advice to Castro), Dr. Pelayo Cuervo Navarro, and Dr. Rafael García Bárcenas. Two days after publication of the article, Pelayo Cuervo was found mysteriously dead. Carloads of armed men circled the house of de la

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Fé's mother, where he often stayed, and for several days and nights cruised about the neighborhood waiting for him to appear. He went into hiding until administrative wrath subsided.

In the February 15, 1956, issue of *Bohemia,* de la Fé told the story of those days of hiding, and of the armed men dispatched to intimidate him. That was the end of his journalistic career in Cuba. Batista forbade *Bohemia* ever to publish him again, and ordered every other Cuban newspaper and magazine to blacklist him. To enforce that order he commissioned Rolando Masferrer, the same Havana heavy of the Anastasia style who had chased Castro in 1948, to make regular rounds of the newspaper offices to drive the point home. From the winter of 1956 until Batista's defeat by the revolutionary army, Ernesto de la Fé could find no publisher in his native Cuba. His articles continued to appear, however, in other countries, notably in *El Universal,* the staid but vigorous Mexico City daily.

He did more than write. An active member of Cuba's National Association of Journalists, he protested bitterly when it nominated Batista as its honorary Member Number One. He devoted his energies to the *Confederación Inter-Americana de Defensa del Continente* (Inter-American Federation for the Defense of the Continent)—an organization of Latin American journalists and labor leaders united to fight Communist infiltration and influence in their respective countries. He was elected Secretary-General of the organization in 1957.

He headed the Cuban delegation to the Third Congress Against Soviet Intervention, April 10-14, 1957, in Lima. He served as a symbol "to Latin America of intelligent, effective anti-Communism and incorruptible dedication to truth," to use the words of Jorge Prieto Laurens, Mexican journalist and Vice President of the Federation for the Defense of the Continent.

This is the background of the man arrested and dragged into prison by a revolutionary movement which proclaims freedom of press and individual, and which triumphed in Cuba largely by convincing the people that it had as its aim the restoration of the dignity and human rights Batista had degraded, dismissed and abused. Why? Three separate Cuban journalists, all pleading that their names be withheld, told me in Havana last week: "Because de la Fé is an anti-Communist."

Ernesto de la Fé was arrested prior to Castro's triumphal entry into Havana. Three men (Captains Fidel Domenech, Moisés Pérez, and Luís Fajardo Escalona—all members of the Cuban Communist Party) broke into de la Fé's office, ransacked his files, and destroyed everything they did not confiscate. They then burned his office, which served as Cuban headquarters for the Federation for the Defense of the Continent and the OIPAC (Inter-American Organization of Anti-Communist Journalists), to the ground, and marched off with their prisoner. They took with them data on Communist activities in Latin America, membership lists of local Communist organzations both overt and covert and general information reports and financial estimates dealing with the Communist movement.

Che Guevara

Why was the office ransacked and destroyed? The three Communist soldiers acted under direct orders of Ernesto Che Guevara—*Comandante* in Castro's army, presently in charge of La Cabaña prison and Revolutionary Director of Personnel, and one of Latin America's key Communists. Che Guevara controls a third of the Cuban army, commands the loyalty of two Havana daily newspapers, operates a Cuban Cominform and three Marxist schools, and is in charge of military trials and executions. He is the only important figure in Castro's government conceded to be a Communist by Jules DuBois, *Chicago Tribune* Latin American correspondent and author of the recent bestselling whitewash of the revolution. Guevara left his native Argentina to bolster the Communist-dominated Arbenz regime in Guatemala, and was expelled in 1955 after Castillo Armas' successful revolution. From Guatemala he went to Mexico to handle the public relations of the Institute of Russo-Mexican Culture. He is the principal liaison between the Cuban Communist Party, its agents in the Castro government and the labor unions, and the Soviet international Comintern. He is a professional revolutionary agent, a veteran of Communist activities in Panama, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, and a host of other South American nations. It is he who ordered Ernesto de la Fé arrested, who presides over La Cabaña where de la Fé is imprisoned, and who will officiate at de la Fé's trial.

Spokesmen for the Castro government told me that the predicted charges against de la Fé are two: first (treason) that he had been a minister in Batista's cabinet—sufficient, they said, to assure his execution; second, that he had plotted to assassinate Prime Minister Castro—*after* he had been thrown into La Cabaña.

The second charge can be dismissed as ludicrous. A man cut off from the outside world, under tacit sentence of death, unable to see even his own lawyer or wife, let alone interview political assassins, is scarcely in a position to engineer an assassination attempt. As for the first charge: it ignores de la Fé's public repudiation of Bastista, his courageous campaign against the dictator, and the persecution he suffered as a result of that campaign over a period of two years. Has everyone who was ever a minister under Batista been given such treatment? No. Some ex-ministers were permitted to flee into exile. Some were sentenced to ritual penances, and quietly released. And some, *e.g.,* Raúl Lorenzo (former Minister of Commerce) and Miguel Suárez Fernández (former Minister without Portfolio), walk the streets of Havana today as free men. What is it about de la Fé? He is being punished, everyone in Havana seems to agree exclusively for his anti-Communist activities.

II. THE DEFENSE

Ernesto de la Fé's defense will be conducted by a lawyer who is also a member of Castro's government, working for the Ministry of the Interior. He accepted the case only because he is a personal friend of the defendant, and will conduct it on strictly professional grounds. The Communist issue will not figure in the trial. He refused to let me use his name, or to discuss the question in the anti-Communist context. He has been informed that he will be permitted to see de la Fé, for the first time, twenty-four hours before the trial. The date of the trial, often post-

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poned, has been set for this week. Despite Fidel Castro's edict ordering civil trials for civilian prisoners, de la Fé will receive a military trial under the unsympathetic auspices of Che Guevara.

Neither lawyer nor client has been told what witnesses will be called for the prosecution, nor will there be a confrontation between witnesses and the accused. The reluctance on the part of de la Fé's friends and fellow journalists to speak out in his behalf is understandable; for those who have done so have been dealt with severely. On January 6, two days after de la Fe's arrest, Raúl Granja, a Cuban journalist *who had worked actively for the revolution,* protested to the new government the treatment of his friend. Granja, who had just returned from an American junket to gather arms and materiel for Castro, was promptly clapped into jail—and kept there for 41 days before his friends in the government succeeded in prying him out. Even then, he lost his job and has not been able to find work since. He is nonetheless willing to talk to anyone in Havana interested in the de la Fé case, and works constantly in behalf of his friend.

The Journalists

Ramiro de la Fé, Ernesto's brother, is also a journalist, and also out of a job (along with, it should be added, 50 per cent of the Cuban labor force). He is the most active and outspoken of Ernesto's defenders. He was the only man I met in Havana who had the courage to tell me: "Use my name whenever you want, as often as you like. I cannot stand by with my arms folded." He is, he told me, determined to "fight the Western war, the war against Communism. It is the really important war."

Also in de la Fé's camp, with very limited influence, are a great many Cuban journalists, many of them newspapermen whom he helped while serving as Minister of Information. They are ready to tell anyone, *off the record,* of de la Fé's victimization. They will not be quoted, and they will not write the story for their own newspapers. "Castro," said one, "says there is freedom of the press. But he adds that he reserves the right to answer his critics 'with the people.' That can mean anything from boycotting to mob violence. That we cannot risk." The popular humor magazine *Zigzag* recently lampooned the revolutionary government. That is your right, Castro commented, but it is also the right of the people to let you know how they feel about ridiculing so sacred a thing as their revolution. The people caught on: and imposed a boycott that almost bankrupted the magazine; which promptly made amends. It is now sanguinely satisfied with things as they are.

These newsmen also failed Ernesto de la Fé when he most needed them—when they had the opportunity to reflect, in their actions, some small measure of the courage of their colleague. They voted, instead, to expel him from the National Association of Journalists — the same sycophantic organization that had named Batista its Member Number One. "Perhaps," wrote Ernesto de la Fé in the last communication he succeeded in passing out of La Cabaña, on learning of their repudiation of him, "they are mistaken in thinking they will please Fidel. Julius Caesar never forgave that eunuch, Potinus . . . for beheading General Pompey. . . . The brave do not like cowardly acts."

Journalists outside Cuba, on the other hand, have been outspoken. Newspapers throughout Latin America have taken up his cause. Telegrams of protest have flooded the offices of the Prime Minister and the provisional government. Enrique Castro Sarias, a Mexican newspaper columnist, has issued a "Call to Free Men": "I send a call to all truly democratic consciences from the Rio Grande to the cold lands of the North to stop this injustice, to raise their voices and ask—nay, demand—the freedom of this courageous anti-Communist fighter." Jorge Prieto Laurens has written letters to newspapers and interested individuals all over the hemisphere on de la Fé's behalf. Every communication received by the Cuban government requesting information on de la Fé is answered as in the letter reproduced on page 112 from Dr. Juan Orta, Director General of the Premier's staff, to Mr. Marvin Liebman. The rhetoric is distinctly Communist: Ernesto is a Fascist, a traitor, an informer, and a counter-revolutionary; and anyone who undertakes to defend him is suspect.

III. THE MEANING

Ernesto de la Fé is entitled to be the object of the humanitarian impulses of the free world for the simple reason that he is a human being who made his mistake, worked mightily to overcome it, squared off bravely

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to the greatest danger of our time, and now has been ruthlessly victimized. But his fate is something more than personal, and there is little his friends can do about it, much as they would like to withdraw him from the limelight. The trial of Ernesto de la Fé is also the trial of Fidel Castro. The treatment of de la Fé will throw considerable light, more light indeed than any other specific decision, on how fares Castro's struggle against the Communists for preeminence in Cuban affairs.

That Castro is ringed by Communists is a dogged fact, documented fully by Stuart Novins in his celebrated CBS telecast, by the special *New York Times* report, by *U.S. News & World Report*, by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, even by Cuban newspapermen themselves, however circumspect their language. It is a fact visible to anyone who has an eye for political reality. But it is not yet established, by any means, that Castro, should he will to do it, could not rise above the Communists, cast them out, and survive. It is not established that Castro himself is a Communist, or that he is prepared to subordinate his mystical evangelism to the hard and devious demands of the Communist Party line. Two weeks ago Castro's 26 of July Party delivered a resonant drubbing to the Communists in a number of labor union elections. In the past ten days, *Revolución*, Castro's official revolutionary newspaper, went after Blas Roca and the Communist Party, accusing them of making divisive attacks on national unity, of profiteering from a Cuba in distress. Last week Castro decreed that civilian political prisoners will be tried by civil courts instead of military courts-martial, a move that diminishes the authority over the trials of the bloodthirsty Che Guevara. It has been weeks since the last execution in Cuba. In spite of Castro's lunatic economic measures of the past weeks—*e.g.*, expropriation of sugar plantations at just the moment when his survival depends on the seduction of foreign capital—he shows signs of slowing down, of tempering. He has dismissed the feasibility of Cuban neutrality in a war between East and West. He has discovered that the serious problems of governing a nation are more difficult, more tedious, less theatrical, than the frenzied bloodletting and demagogic blitzkriegs which characterized his government during the first months.

Castro does not view himself as an agent of the Communist revolutionary ideal, and his people do not see him in that light. He is their embodiment; the embodiment of a depressed Cuba of mutilated little streets and starving dogs and fat women leaning from windows, listening to strange music; of pimps and shoeshine boys and taxicab drivers and barroom Bacardí perennials. Throughout the bazaar streets of Havana the banners, blouses and bric-a-brac of his Revolution are on display. In him the people have vested their romantic hopes—that a man with a machine gun and a knapsack full of ideals can wrest them from poverty and degradation.

So long as Cuba is embodied in a single person, that person is indispensable to the Communists as the instrument of their policy. A showdown will have to come. It will not come over economics—socialist Castro and the Communists move in concert in economic policy. Their politics diverge where other things are concerned, principally foreign policy. It is in foreign policy, in education and religion, that the clash could come; and in the treatment of anti-Communist newspapermen.

Whence the crucial role of Ernesto de la Fé. Fidel Castro cannot succeed in persuading himself that de la Fé has a residual debt to pay for his sometime alliance with Batista; not after so spectacular a record of penitence. It will be clear, no matter how successfully the Communists ring the court with their special bombast, that de la Fé is the first clear test of the degree of Castro's reliance on the Communists. Let him set the man free, and he has taken a large step forward toward independence of them. Should he free de la Fé, he would also perform a symbolic act not easily lost upon the Latin American consciousness.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

"Otra Revolución"

Manuel de Riga (not his real name) is a student at the University of Havana, recently reopened after a two-and-one-half year suspension of classes by Batista. He is, self-admittedly, a typical product of the Latin American student temperament —volatile, idealistic, a good deal more interested in today's newspapers than yesterday's textbooks.

I met him in a little bar called the Club Pierrot on Malecón Drive along the ocean-front. He was disillusioned with his new government. He didn't like Castro's policy of refusing to honor any degrees granted by any Cuban college or university during the Batista regime. He was resentful of pimpled *barbudos* with machine guns under their arms, wasting their afternoons guzzling Bacardí and flirting with the girls. He worried about newspaper censorship —and mentioned both Ernesto de la Fé and Juan Luis Martín, the *El Mundo* correspondent clapped into jail for his irreverence toward the provisional government.

What would the people do if Castro turned out to be just another Batista? "*Otra revolución*" [another revolution], he replied morosely. And that seems to be the attitude. Two groups made this revolution—the outs who wanted to be in, to whom politics is just a great big game of musical electric chairs; and the students, intellectuals, peasants, and sundry other idealists who nourish the same dream no matter how many dawns find it dead at the hands of another opportunist. "*Otra revolución*"—and the dream gets another runaround; more men from the mountains, new flags, new shouts, new salvos, old hopes pinned on new heroes. A nation, you can say, grows into wisdom. It will not become adult in a day, notwithstanding its rhetoric or the color of its blood. But then, you have to realize, students haven't got a century to spare.

J. L.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Frank v. *Maryland:*

The Knock on the Door

THE CHARACTERISTIC IMAGE of terror and tyranny in the twentieth century is "the knock on the door," symbol of the unrestricted power of the state over the individual. To whatever degree Continental European law may lack defenses against this horror of totalitarianism, it has been the proud boast of Anglo-American jurisprudence that the citizen's home is a fortress, proof against invasion by officers of government, except upon a warrant issued by a magistrate—and only then (to quote the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution) "upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

So reads the Constitution; and despite occasional violations by authorities here and there, our higher courts have always held that agents of the federal government could not enter a man's house without a warrant except in "an immediate major crisis in the performance of duty [when there was] neither time nor opportunity to apply to a magistrate." With the Fourteenth Amendment, these protections against the federal government were affirmed against the states. As recently as 1947 in *Wolf* v. *Colorado* the Supreme Court stated: "The security of one's privacy against arbitrary intrusion of the police—which is at the core of the Fourth Amendment—is basic to a free society."

BUT ON May 4 of this year, in the case of *Frank* v. *Maryland,* the Supreme Court handed down a 5-4 decision which radically subverts this security of the person against the agents of government. The substantive issue concerned the owner of a dilapidated house in the city of Baltimore, suspected of being a breeding place for rats; the refusal of the owner of the house to allow a city health inspector to enter; and the arrest and conviction of the owner under a Baltimore city ordinance. No effort was made by the health inspector to obtain a warrant; and the trial record reveals that there was no reason except bureaucratic convenience why such an effort should not have been made:

> *Q*: Could you not just as well have made your inspection one hour or two hours later than at the time you demanded entry?
> *A*: I could not. I had two students I had to release at three o'clock. I have to be in the office at three-thirty every day to take care of my reports.

"Flimsy ground," indeed, as the dissenting Justices wrote, "for denying . . . the constitutional protection afforded by a search warrant."

Justice Frankfurter, speaking for the majority, based the Court's decision voiding the guarantees of the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments upon arguments rooted not in jurisprudence but in that kind of sociological generalization and majoritarian expediency which the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes bequeathed to the Court and which was so notoriously exhibited in *Brown* v. *Board of Edution.* At no point in his opinion did he allow fundamental principles to bear upon the essential issue of the case: is it in accord with the dictates of the Constitution or the preservation of a free society to breach a doctrine so central to our liberties that John Adams regarded the struggle in its defense over the Writs of Assistance as the sparking point of the War of Independence?

Justice Frankfurter knows this history and indeed refers to it; but in the case of issue, he slides past it, speciously maintaining the claims of majoritarian opinion and sociological imperatives, in blithe disregard of legal and moral principle. The health inspections, he says, are "welcomed by all but an insignificant few." The rule of law is reduced to the rule of numbers; the "significance" of principle and the Constitution is to be assessed purely by the whims or by the acquiescence of the majority.

Then the sociological argument: Our country has become (you guessed it) so large and complex (and in such a damn hurry) that the feeble vision of those who drafted the Constitution is antedated: "The growth of cities, the crowding of populations, the increased awareness of the responsibility of the state for the living conditions of its citizens" become the basis of judicial decision. The safeguards of the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments, invoked by Mr. Frank, must give way to the prior claims of bureaucratic power: "Time and experience have forcefully taught that the power to inspect dwelling places . . . is of indispensable importance [more indispensable than freedom?] to the maintenance of community health; a power that would be greatly hobbled by the blanket requirement of [these] safeguards."

The decision rests—again in Justice Frankfurter's words—not upon moral and political theory, not upon jurisprudential principle, but upon "history [by which he means sociological opinion about history] and dominant public opinion."

IT IS NOT a new story that the Court has forsaken principle for expediency and prejudice. A long record of service to the intellectual fashions of the hour has left its iron marks upon the the rights of the person in his property and upon his defenses against bureaucratic tyranny. Judicial precedent and constitutional principle have been broken up by the Court into bits and shards, to be used or rejected in any given argument, to buttress or to undermine an opinion derived from extra-judicial considerations. So it is not to be wondered at, and should in no way palliate the destructive error of Justice Frankfurter and the majority, that the minority opinion was delivered, and forcefully delivered, by Justice Douglas, who has so often subordinated the Constitution to *his* ideological prepossessions.

The fault, as decision after decision shows, lies not primarily in this or that Justice, but in the positivist legal philosophy that is destroying the Constitution and the tradition of law based upon morality. With *Frank* v. *Maryland,* a Court imbued with that philosophy has brought the knock on the door perilously close.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Waist-High Universities

In his interesting book *The Waist-High Culture,* Mr. Thomas Griffith describes his student days, in the thirties, at the University of Washington. Then and now, I think, more life of the mind is tolerated at Washington than at a good many state universities and colleges I might name; so Mr. Griffith's criticisms ought not to be considered as directed peculiarly at his *alma mater.*

> The university was bursting at its bogus Tudor-Gothic seams; what had been a lovely evergreen campus was now become an overcrowded educational factory for 10,000 students. Faculty salaries were being severely cut, but, by some devious triumph of the lawyers, there was money available which could only be spent on building still more buildings to take in still more students. Nobody who had anything to do with the situation was happy about it, but everybody who had nothing to do with it insisted that it be that way. To suggest that not every boy or girl who escaped out the front door of a high school had a constitutional right to go to college was to speak the unthinkable, and to show oneself undemocratic. What's the matter, don't you think people are equal? Just who do you think you are? So everybody went to college, and the instruction sank to the capacity of the laggards, but it called itself a college education and conferred degrees to prove it.

Thus Mr. Griffith. It is now more than twenty years since, and most state institutions of higher learning have experienced (especially since 1945) a forced growth which makes the University of Washington in the thirties seem almost an Oxbridge. In his posthumously-published volume of memoirs, Lord Percy of Newcastle (who had considerable experience as Minister of Education and rector of a university) remarked, "It is not good to be educated in a crowd." Mr. Griffith found it so, and he says he learned little in college:

> I came out of a state university ignorant of all science, of architecture and art and music; dimly aware of certain Greek and Roman thinkers but not having read them; knowing no language but my own and that imperfectly; indifferent to poetry, asea in philosophy, hostile to economics, susceptible to history but untrained in it; possessor of good grades, a rented cap and gown, a bachelor's degree but not much education.

According to Sir Richard Livingstone (quoted by Mr. Griffith), the goal of education is the ability to distinguish the first-rate. Nowadays our state universities and colleges rarely even think it their function to impart an understanding of the norms of excellence of what Mr. T. S. Eliot calls "the enduring things." Indeed, much of the course-work and busy-work required by our universities positively places impediments in the way of an apprehension of norms, discouraging and delaying the livelier talents, trying to reduce all learning to mediocrity.

The American Sham

Yet those that sit in the seats of the mighty in our universities and colleges seldom are willing to confess that obsession with quantity has brought decay of quality. This is a general American sham; as Mr. Griffith writes, "It is the American custom never to acknowledge a lowering of standards in service or product, but to deny stoutly that anything has been lost along with what has been gained." If we have succeeded in giving a great many people degrees, but almost no one an education, what can it profit us to deny the consequences of levelling?

Once Professor Clinton Rossiter and I briefly discussed the failings of American schools and universities. Mr. Rossiter suggested that we ought not to lament overmuch because, after all, the better intellects somehow, in the long run, manage to assert themselves, overcoming the handicaps of an imperfect schooling that yoked them to the pace of the dull or the indifferent student. My reply was this: it seems a poor apology for an educational system that, by remarkable personal endeavors, some people *eventually* can contrive to learn something in despite of the system. Schools and colleges were established to accelerate learning, not to impede it. Tocqueville observes that democracies, jealous of strong minds and unusual talents, endeavor to delay their rise by tedious and routine requirements, keeping the energetic at the pace of the slack.

A Veneer of Culture

When I studied at Michigan State, I learned much from an able professor of history, who then was contemptuous of the cant and hypocrisy of the educational imperialists and levellers. Later he became a college administrator, and sang a different tune—especially after he ceased to teach classes altogether, and so did not have to gaze upon the sea of ignorance and apathy which stretched before mere college lecturers. At his administrative desk, he sometimes would concede that the average undergraduate might seem a dull creature, at matriculation and at graduation. But, he argued, somehow a bit of polish did rub off upon the bored and bewildered students, so that years after graduation they displayed a veneer of culture. This veneer made them happier, he thought, and improved the tone of American society. In public pronouncements, this administrator-professor was enthusiastic over the promise and fulfillment of "mass education." After all, mass education had brought him a good salary and some authority.

Yet I cannot agree that state educational institutions exist to provide pomp and circumstance for administrators, or contracts for sham-Gothic builders, or even a genteel veneer of mass-culture for young persons who desire a snob-degree. As an unschooled man often is the moral superior of a badly schooled man, so is the unschooled man sometimes actually the intellectual superior of the possessor of a pseudo-degree: the former has not wasted his time in educational boondoggles. I think it is better to be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than to boast of a learning reaching only to the waist.

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In Defense of Congress

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

In the American constitutional system, the soundest basis for domestic tranquillity is conflict. It was from this principle that the Founding Fathers conceived a Grand Design for governance which went far beyond the antagonistic trinity of Executive-Legislative-Judicial "checks and balances" or the federal-state dualism. The American system was from the start richly susceptible to the tugs and stresses of regional, economic and class interests within each branch of government. It has been this conflict which has kept American society supple.

Of the various forces seeking dominance in the necessary—and necessarily inconclusive—struggle, the American Congress has been at once the strongest and the weakest. It has been the strongest because it controls the purse-strings and the means to enlist public opinion on its side; the weakest because of its membership and its political philosophy. At the height of its intellectual strength, the Congress has been exemplified by the John Calhouns, the William Borahs and the Robert La Follettes. Today, at the nadir of its prestige, the thundering periods of the past have been replaced by the croaking flatulence of a Wayne Morse or the childish vindictiveness of a Clinton Anderson.

The publication at this time of a brilliant and coruscating analysis of the congressional condition by James Burnham (*Congress and the American Tradition*, Regnery, $6.50), therefore, assumes a particular significance. The authorship, of itself, is a high guarantee of a political seriousness seldom found in American political commentary. As prelude to the current volume, Mr. Burnham added a new dimension to our understanding of industrial organization in *The Managerial Revolution*. He exposed the issues of the Soviet drive to world domination in a series of books, beginning with *The Struggle for the World*, and outlined the ways of Soviet infiltration in *The Web of Subversion*. He was a pioneer in the espousal of Charles de Gaulle's misunderstood philosophy of government.

With his new book, Mr. Burnham will undoubtedly anguish those in the Liberal camp who advocate an untrammeled Executive as the direct means for an all-out Coercive State. That the book will also prompt questions from conservatives who give history a somewhat different reading than Mr. Burnham's is perhaps a virtue. For the simple fact remains that James Burnham has stated a key question uncompromisingly: Can Congress, as a body representing the various and varying interests of the nation, survive in a society plagued by the complexities of an age in which technology—and Henry Adams' "law of acceleration"—seems to have exceeded the scope of a deliberative body drawing its nourishment from eighteenth-century ideas of the human will?

> To keep their political liberty, Americans must keep and cherish their Congress. They will keep neither unless they want liberty more than any other political value. The choice of liberty, made for us at the nation's beginning by the Founding Fathers, is now up for review on the national as on the world arena. Is it really true that men can learn the value of liberty only by losing it?
>
> JAMES BURNHAM, in *Congress and the American Tradition*

Mr. Burnham's answer, expressed in highly readable form, is twofold. He believes, and no reasoning man can gainsay him, that the very cumbersomeness of the congressional process is the most effective safeguard of American liberty. But he also argues that the attrition of the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations — and the Eisenhower Administration which followed them—has created conditions of thought and action which tend strongly to lead to the collapse of Congress as a major force in American government. It is here that this reviewer, both as student and reporter of the Washington scene, parts company with Mr. Burnham. Congress is down, but only on one knee and far from out.

THE STRENGTH of Mr. Burnham's scholarly presentation derives from his devastating use of the now-ignored debates at the convention which drew up the American Constitution—and his awareness that time and the river of history have washed over the plurality of sovereignty envisaged by the Founding Fathers and laid over it the topsoil of new power nuclei: the federal bureaucracy and the lobbies. In his earlier books, and in his incidental writings, Mr. Burnham has exhibited a rare understanding of the interplay of forces which comprise political power—and he has marshaled this intuition in perhaps the most valuable section of *Congress and the American Tradition*. The contention that the lobby and the bureaucracy are a fourth and fifth branch of government is a courageous and important contribution to what, if Mr. Burnham will excuse the expression, may be called political science.

Citing the record, Mr. Burnham argues further that Congress—instead of holding its head up proudly—has become a rubber stamp of the Executive will and the plaything of a Judi-

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ciary which has usurped the legislative power. He further notes the encroachments of federal over state sovereignty, setting up as his causative villains the ideologist Woodrow Wilson and the intensely practical Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman. But the enfeeblement of the American constitutional system began long before Mr. Wilson eschewed his professorial prerogatives, in the congressional sanction of the loosest construction to the concepts of the "general welfare" and "interstate commerce."

The genius of the Founding Fathers was demonstrated in their own time, as the government they had designed adjusted itself to the development of a two-party system they had never conceived and a committee system within the Congress which they had never foreseen. Mr. Burnham's genius is that, starting from the questionable thesis that congressional power is in serious jeopardy, he has cogently and perceptively outlined the history of American government and noted the areas in which the Legislature can recover its predominance.

Labor Barons Unlimited

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

Power Unlimited, by Professor Sylvester Petro of New York University Law School (Ronald, $5.00), is indispensable reading on the harassing involvements and perplexities confronting Congress, the courts, enforcement officials, employers, workers and the public, in the formidable area of industrial relations. No sensible person can dismiss this book as none of his business or as outside the exigencies of his societal life. Every citizen of this country is necessarily and deeply involved in the controversies to which, in this book, the most competent teacher of labor law in the United States of America devotes his attention.

Professor Petro writes well and with a fine passion. He has read some forty or more volumes of minutes of the McClellan hearings. He has also read all of the important cases, articles and books in the field of labor law which have a bearing on the problem. His pages of sage comment and accurate description reflect his capacity for effective indignation at the blatant affronts to liberty one encounters in this field; and he has obviously given much thought and attention to the remedies which a free society ought to apply to maintain freedom.

What he describes, factually and objectively, is the glaring and arrogant abuse of power by corrupt or irresponsible labor leaders who literally control the economic and even social destinies of millions of American workers. Over the years, such leaders have been accumulating that power until it is now as frightening as Frankenstein's monster challenging the man who made him. In a very real sense all of us, by yielding unsupervised power, special privilege and monopoly to labor leaders without exacting from them any proportionate measure of civilized control, have created this problem. More especially Congress and state legislatures, as well as our judiciary, have tolerated the growth of this power by their supineness, by their inaction and by their mistaken theory (often explicit in their words and more often implicit in their professional conduct and platforms) that, when they helped labor leaders, they were always helping Labor. Professor Petro disabuses us of this notion. "If unions have the power, through strikes, picketing and boycotts, to prevent men from operating their official businesses or to harass them in a thousand different ways, especially privileged ways, it is reasonable to expect that they will use such power as the leverage for extortion."

Why? Because no historical generalization is better established by ancient and modern history than Lord Acton's commonplace: "All power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Labor leaders have literally enjoyed absolute power in many areas. That is why today so many of us, especially workmen and sometimes politicians, must dance to their tune.

Corruption unlimited is the sequel to power unlimited, especially among men who give no evidence of ethical or religious ideals and restraints.

In Professor Petro's book, you will find an honest précis of the McClellan Committee investigations and hearings respecting *organizing from the top* and its usual concomitant, the "organizational" picket line. That picket line is really a fraud. If it were not, it would confine itself to *organization*, which it never does today. For in practice the "organizational" picket line pretends, on the one hand, to be directed to and persuasive of the *workers*. On the other hand, it is really an instrument of compulsion directed at the *employer* in the first instance, and secondly at the employee. By it the latter is told, in effect: "If you don't join this union, whether you like it or not, we will picket your employer so that *he* will have to close down and *you* will have no job!" Now under all decent moral and legal standards, such compulsion exercised by an *employer* is conceded to be illegal. However, when such compulsion becomes a tool of the labor "leader" who eschews the tasks of organization, a special immunity masks his naked laziness, or his insolent ambition or lust for power and money.

It is a strange anomaly that our Liberals have, precisely in the field of labor relations, most extravagantly forgotten *liberty* and ranged themselves behind intra-union tyrants who suppress it systematically. We recently witnessed the strange spectacle of Liberal senators and other professional Liberals (with some

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wholesome exceptions) who protested against a modest bill of rights for rank-and-file union members long victimized by "leaders." They protested in the name of *liberalism,* like Murat offering, in the name of *humanity,* to strike off a million heads.

The issue is plainly put by Professor Petro:

> The corruption of a society is not yet complete merely because violence and lawlessness occur, even if they occur frequently; for these can be checked and quelled. Corruption is not yet unlimited while the institutions and principles of society are in the process of subversion; for courage and will may still eradicate subversion. Corruption prevails when a society has no longer the sensitivity to detect it, the judgment to weigh it, or the will to fight it.

The real question posed by this book is whether the American public, and its representatives in Congress, have the sensitivity to detect, to weigh, and to fight the danger which is implicit and explicit in the corruption the McClellan Committee has revealed.

Man into Magazine

ROBERT PHELPS

IF YOU WERE born any time after February 1925, there has never been a week in your lifetime when you could not have bought a copy of *The New Yorker*. Thirty-five years multiplied by fifty-two weeks means well over eighteen hundred Thursdays, and on every one of them *The New Yorker* has imparted its tirelessly nimble and safely ironic view of the world-at-large. Unconcerned with "news," or "opinion," it has nevertheless editorialized as extensively and persuasively as any organ ever printed in English, and when future professors generalize on our American culture and its forms of wishful-thinking, they will find no surer index of detail than its immaculately groomed pages.

But if they ever become curious about the man who conceived and embodied those pages, they will have to read James Thurber's affectionate but shrewd portrait in *The Years with Ross* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.00). It is not a biography. The years in the title are Thurber's own, in which along with many illustrious others, he was outraged, overwhelmed, pampered and fascinated by the most exciting editor on record. "He was married three times to women, and once to *The New Yorker,*" says Mr. Thurber, and his book is about the fourth—or first—of these marriages, a final and absolute and consuming one which Ross served up to the last day of his life.

Possibly the most comprehensive way to think of *The New Yorker* is as a poem by Harold Ross. Each week, out of a thousand bits and rhymes and rhythms, which he knew how to make other people produce, he heroically wrought another rightly formal stanza of his dream. Though he apparently wrote little or nothing himself, he could use other people's material as resourcefully as, speaking roundly, Shakespeare used Holinshed's. In this alembic capacity, he was inexhaustible. He read, queried and reshaped everything in the magazine (except, oddly, the book reviews). In the margins of proofs, his attention left a dense trail of its pertinacity. A single profile once incurred 144 comments. He would lie awake all night fretting about a single, possibly imprecise adjective, and it seems safe to say that no one has ever more consistently demonstrated the proportion of Hard Work to Genius. For Ross did have genius; not creating genius, nor even—by his own estimate—organizing genius. But he had the genius of recognizing what he needed to incarnate his vision of *The New Yorker,* and the genius of wheedling or bullying it out of whoever could get it on to paper, and the genius of tailoring and retailoring it until he had what he wanted.

Of course, he was a man-eater, and one of the best things about Thurber's portrait is that he makes this very clear. Over the past three decades, *The New Yorker* has tempted and devoured a long list of potentially individual writers; and in any bestiary of twentieth-century carnivores, its appetites could easily compete with those of *Time,* Madison Avenue, or Hollywood and Vine. But this accusation is too often made by people who have had neither the talent nor the chance to be eaten. Mr. Thurber has had both, and speaks with an earned respect for a highly demanding medium, as well as a just satisfaction at his own survival.

Ross himself? As with so many men who have moved mountains, he seems, at his center, to have preserved a very rare ingenuousness. We tend to assume that the man at the top knows all the angles, answers, tricks. But we are wrong. Outstanding men, especially those as dedicated as Ross, are very often shockingly childlike on the inside. Though his imagination begot the urbanity and chi-chi of the man looking at a butterfly through a monocle, Harold Wallace Ross, of Aspen, Colorado, was capable of an innocence, a gullibility, that almost amounted to a state of grace. It was this quality

which made it possible for so many people to feel involuntary love for him in spite of his often high-handed conduct.

The Years with Ross, apart from its subject, is a difficult kind of book to bring off. It is more than a garland of anecdotes—though it is also that, and they are wonderful ones. What sustains, or contains, them is Thurber's own personal bias, his intimate but tactful tone of remembering. A true portrait need not use the whole truth. As Colette once said of her own memoirs, "I had to leave out one half, and make up the other." I have no idea what Mr. Thurber's proportions were, but the result rings true. What I hoped, when I had finished his pages, is that he would now do us more books of the same genre—one, for instance, about Miss Dorothy Parker, whose myth is still waiting for the real, right Bulfinch to sprinkle salt on its tail.

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Men and Ideas

The Prince of Darkness

GARRY WILLS

SIT DOWN next to any good Liberal (it won't be hard to find one) and ask him (or, if you are exceptionally brave, her) why we send aid to Tito. You will hear a good deal about foreign relations, all in relative terms; and about world power, based on a power-psychology.

Rise—majestically, if possible—and shout "Machiavellian" with all the "stridency" (this will be his word for it) which you can muster. The outraged Liberal will feel offended. He has been very proper; he has used concepts and terms (word for word) which are sanctioned by all the fashionable authorities on political science. He has not suggested the use of poison or masks; how, then, can we call him a Machiavellian? Is not politics the study of power-relations?

Yes, it is today. But it was not always so. Politics used to have something to do with the Polis, that community seeking the human perfections—ruling beasts and being ruled by God. The nature and final end of man and society were subjects not related, men thought, to the action of polities. Why has modern politics become exclusively a study of the psychology of power? The old view of the matter was simply put—a villain skulked onto the scene in fifteenth-century Florence, and taught men how to gain and use power for its own sake by outwitting men and defying God. For a long time, now, that "caricature" has been discredited, and Machiavelli has been praised for his introduction of "scientific" method into the study of politics. But Leo Strauss' new analysis of the Florentine's writings, *Thoughts on Machiavelli* (Free Press, $6.00), leads to a vindication of the "caricature." Machiavelli was an enemy of religion. "The Prince" is the Anti-Christ.

"Science" means, today, the physical sciences, and it is true that Machiavelli made "pure method" possible in modern politics. He did this not by any positive contribution to politics as it had been founded by Hellenic philosophers, but by attacking the view that human relations are a moral and spiritual concern, rather than a neutral material for experiment and exploitation. The machinery of bureaucracy, the techniques of 1984, are the outgrowth of this Machiavellian methodology—the first of our modern "social sciences."

To anyone who picks up Machiavelli's books for the first time, his advice on government may seem, at present, rather obvious, shallow and—at

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI: "...*did his work so well that his modern followers resent in him the remains of the old order he came to destroy.*"

times—contradictory. There are several reasons for Machiavelli's limited, contradictory and simplifying approach to his subject matter. Strauss begins a study of Machiavelli's devious doctrines by uncovering the devious literary style he was forced to use. By careful textual analysis of *The Prince* and *The Discourses*, he finds that Machiavelli's politics is a perfectly consistent and complete doctrine, but one which is very cautiously set forth. Machiavelli reveals more by the way he says things than by what he says. He practices the subterfuges he means to inculcate. He was forced to do this because he was writing in a corrupt, yet still Catholic world. No one had ever dared the attack on Christianity and the Bible which Machiavelli musters behind his barrage of hints, ironies and significant silences. Strauss follows every feint, and finally charts the strategy of both books—each as shrewdly devised and as unobtrusively destructive as a time bomb.

Machiavelli claimed to be teaching a comprehensive doctrine, a *summa nontheologica*, which was entirely new. This "new thing" was a philosophic counterpart of the new learning of the Renaissance. The humanism of the Colleone statue—heroic man astride the resistless charger—was first given a consistent basis in thought by Machiavelli. His aim was to replace Biblical Christianity with a neo-heroic humanism. He made virtue simply the achievement of glory. To do this, he had to reduce man's cosmic frame to a meaningless cycle of nature, a cycle man can break and control by brilliant assertion and conquest. For him, man was not set in a providential and God-governed universe; man invents his own setting as he forces it to evolve. This was the first bright vision of an infinite liberalization and progress of man.

MACHIAVELLI can no longer be merely read; his meaning must be tracked like the motions of that lion-fox he set up as an ideal. A shrewd use of multivalent examples, strategic ridicule of Christian humility, the power-analysis of the Bible, the invocation of Fortuna and the gods instead of God—all these are carefully studied by Strauss, and the pattern which emerges is that of a campaign. For many years after Machiavelli's death this campaign was advanced by political theorists who understood and sympathized with it. Before long, the need for secrecy disappeared, and, along with it, the need for any campaign at all. The Machiavellian revolution had replaced the old system and itself become an orthodoxy.

A real society is based on a community of aims and interest. The Hellenic world, for instance, was a real society, even when racked by internal strife. Machiavelli had to break down such real societies in order to make of "society" a malleable stuff, something infinitely plastic to his methods. This explains his comments on the most basic society, the family: the Prince must dispose of his

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brothers when they are rivals. The society which Machiavelli had to dissolve into plasticity was Christendom, the family of nations in which realistic diplomacy had been conducted to his day. His campaign was entirely successful; because of his efforts real societies are not recognized in current political activity. Russia and Red China must be formally recognized and dealt with simply because they are *there;* they are powers in the power-complex which has replaced cultures and civilization.

Return, now, to our hypothetical conversation on aid for Tito. If we had questioned Machiavelli on the merits of such aid, he would have given us a little treatise on the bribing of enemies, a treatise tactfully phrased and furnished with parallels from past history. But no matter how he decorated his theme, he was too close to realistic philosophies to avoid knowing what bribes are and what enemies are. The modern Liberal "adjusts" to Tito's presence by using the devices of the Florentine; but the Liberal is so steeped in what Machiavelli called his new doctrine, and so ignorant of past values, that he does not even know the names for basic realities. "Bribe" and "enemy" no longer mean anything to one who thinks in the magic terms of "aid" given to "uncommitted forces." Now we can see the real reason for the Liberal's indignation at being called a Machiavellian. Machiavelli did his work so well that his modern followers resent in him the remains of the old order he came to destroy. They will poison and bribe "scientifically," without knowing that their slide rules are spades. Machiavelli, who taught them to use the spade, remembered how to call it a spade.

Flamboyant Emperor

RODNEY GILBERT

THROUGHOUT the thirty-odd centuries of her dependable history China has had a way of reaching down every so often into the masses of her simple folk to snatch up some fellow in a very humble situation and make a grand dramatic spectacle of his career. Although any Chinese student could reel off a score of wonderful stories about such characters, almost all of them rose, flourished flamboyantly and died, either in their glory or as tragic failures, wholly unknown to the contemporary West, and still unknown to all but a handful of Europeans and Americans who have puzzled their way through the records of China's twenty-odd dynasties. But a century ago today, in the great city of Nanking on the Yangtze, there sat a former farm boy on a high throne, in a palace overrun with women, whose doings had for about nine years held the close and constant attention of every government in the Occident that had any kind of a stake in the Far East.

He was Hung Hsiu-ch'uan, the organizer and leader of that seismic upheaval known abroad as the Taiping rebellion. He came from a relatively poor farm family in a little village about thirty miles northwest of Canton, a family as little distinguished from the great mass of such households as any that the Chinese fates could have picked. But, as the self-styled T'ien Wang, or Heavenly King, who claimed to have been given the mandate to rule China — and the world for that matter — in a personal interview with the Heavenly Father, he did actually rule 25 or 30 million Chinese in the rich heart of their country a century ago, and was reckoned a menace to the survival of the decadent but arrogant Manchu dynasty.

How he got on that throne in Nanking, in his grotesquely rich imperial robes and crown, and how he came to be a fanatical Christian according to his own interpretations of Holy Writ, is what Lady Flavia Anderson set out to learn, and did learn to good effect. She plowed through the great number of books about the Taiping rebellion, mostly published during the second half of the nineteenth century. These can be found in any good library, but a few less accessible booklets about Hung Hsiu-ch'uan himself she also studied to greater profit. The fruit of this diligence is a book entitled *The Rebel Emperor* (Doubleday, $4.95), with a good index, a chronology and a bibliography, for all of which this reviewer has been frequently grateful.

In this there are full enough accounts of the whole of the rebel operations in the territory between Nanking and Shanghai, south of the Yangtze, which contributed not a little to the Heavenly King's eventual downfall and suicide in June 1864. It is all good, thrilling reading; but to this writer, who has been over the same ground a good many times, the first half of the book, in which Lady Flavia deals very sympathetically with Hung's boyhood, his school days, his great effort to get into official life by way of the civil service examinations, and his disheartening failures, throw the most new light on the Heavenly King's character. She tells of his dream, or vision or revelation, with a sympathy that will make the reader wonder quite what she means when she writes of its "validity." She even deals sympathetically with his later acquisition of thirty-six wives and the very obvious weakness of this big strong man in that direction.

She has little patience with the missionaries in China who, instead of trying to get in close touch with him, as he desired, and bring his Christianity into line with their own beliefs, went to the press, gasping with horror, about his "heresies" and "blasphemies." She is out of patience with the British whose policy it was to give the Manchus a sound spanking and then keep them in power, but under surveillance, as it were. Their failure to cooperate with Hung, a "fellow Christian," against the heathen Manchus for whose extermination he had a divine mandate was one of the things that Hung could never understand.

Hung Hsiu-ch'uan was a tall, well-set-up and notably handsome man. He was an exceptionally bright boy in school, which prompted his parents, relatives and other villagers to make sacrifices so that he could prepare for and take the civil service examinations. It was from the second of these triennial provincial examinations that he turned toward home, a failure, so exhausted physically that he could not walk but had to ride back in a sedan chair. At home he was put to bed and there he remained most of

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the time for nearly six weeks. He was never more than semi-conscious and it was during his convalescence that he had the famous vision, from which he emerged convinced that he had been carried to a stream of clear water for baptism, then to Heaven for an interview with the Heavenly Father, and then to a struggle with a swarm of demons, under Christ's tutelage. But to tell any more of that is to spoil Lady Flavia's story. Though there are some minor errors in geography and on other technical Chinese questions, this is a new, different and delightfully readable story.

Science Fiction

Fables and "Fine Writing"

C. R. MORSE

RAY BRADBURY'S new collection of stories, *A Medicine for Melancholy* (Doubleday, $3.75) cannot be considered science fiction in a strict sense, but there are enough space ships and Martian scenes to justify notice here. In any case, Ray Bradbury is Ray Bradbury, as all readers of SF know. These are pensive, pretty little stories, sometimes rather touching, sometimes mildly cloying. A few years ago Mr. Bradbury was hailed for bringing a new lyrical note to the writing of SF, and indeed he gave us a number of tales quite marvelous for their freshness and adroit fancy. But the lyrical note, which strengthened such stories as "The Third Expedition" and "Usher II" (*Martian Chronicles*), has become almost irksome in these present tales of "wonder and delight." (Although some of them seem less choice examples of the earlier vintage.)

The "poetical" in prose must be very strong or else very well hidden. I find that Mr. Bradbury's Fine Writing, in spite of many lovely phrases, comes between me and the subject matter. I feel that I am swaying rhythmically to and fro in a summer hammock until all sharpness of attention swoons into a drowsy euphoria. Let me quote a description of a drunken Irish taxi driver: "Nick, now. See his easy hands loving the wheel in a slow clock-like turning as soft and silent as winter constellations snow down the sky. Listen to his mist-breathing voice all night—quiet as he charms the road, his foot a tenderly benevolent pat on the whispering accelerator, never a mile under thirty, never two miles over. Nick, Nick, and his steady boat gentling a mild sweet lake where all Time slumbers. Look, compare. And bind such a man to you with summer grasses, gift him with silver, shake his hand warmly at each journey's end."

The word "summer" seems to hold a peculiar magic for Mr. Bradbury. He evokes "summer" with astonishing frequency, together with its haze and its glitter of grain. Even Mars cannot escape the nostalgic spell of Illinois or Iowa summertime as it hung over field, lawn and wooden porch back in 1910. The ugly, the jagged, the bad, the dreadful realities are all equally tamed and veiled by this same enchantment, so that in the end Mr. Bradbury brings us to grips with very little that is serious, harsh, or even close to us. The writing has become too much of an end in itself, and in spite of a delicately imaginative surface, I, at least, glimpse only rather sweetly standard values beneath.

Again, in *The Enemy Stars*, by Poul Anderson (Lippincott, $2.95), a kind of Fine Writing prevents the reader from quick understanding of situation and event. Many SF writers love to use grandiose but utterly obscure rhetoric as if only a tone of murky Oracle could hint at the tremendousness of their theme and suggest the aching voids of Space and Time. Poul Anderson's prefatory pages are a good example of this titanic corn. I was obliged to reread them several times, only to decide that the clues must lie further ahead. Of course indirections and the need for intuitive guesswork can be very effective, but a little direct exposition can be comforting in an imagined world of the future—and not necessarily spoil the mood.

Then too, one senses that Mr. Anderson intends his book to be a serious fable, with the perilous dead star as a crucial symbol. But what does the star mean? Is it *all* of these? Apart from the star, is it significant that the coarse Sverdlov (the naive realist with old-fashioned revolutionary ideas) should be the first to perish? Or that the sole representative of the aristocratic "leader" class should be the sole survivor—and the first to make contact with the great unknown Extraterrestrials? The fable is imperfectly realized. Perhaps Mr. Anderson did not intend a fable at all, and we should simply enjoy the surface adventure and excitement. But I always suspect that some large comment on Life is proposed when four carefully differentiated types of human beings are chosen to face disaster together—and "find themselves" through the ordeal. There is not space here to dwell on what the crew of the *Southern Cross* discover about themselves and their fears and their doubts. In spite of their impassioned philosophizing, the fable remains amorphous for want of clear guidance from the author. However, the story, as opposed to the fable, is quite interesting and generates suspense. I read *The Enemy Stars* twice, and liked it better on rereading.

NONE OF the fifteen stories in *The Fourth Galaxy Reader* (edited by Horace Gold, Doubleday, $3.95) is bad, and none is absolutely first class. Horace Gold is the editor of *Galaxy* Magazine, and knows his business. He has made a well-rounded selection of horror, humor and fantasy. This kind of anthology seems to me just the thing for those who like SF but haven't the time or opportunity to keep up with the many monthly publications.

The Manchurian Candidate, by Richard Condon (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), scarcely belongs to SF, unless we consider it as an extrapolation of Pavlov's theories and brainwashing in general. In any case, the whole human race should sue Richard Condon for libel, not only the living but especially the dead. He sees little in us that is not corrupt, false, opportunist, ridiculous, murderous, and smaller-than-life. It is curious that he raises up for our scorn characters that express nothing but hate and a rat-shrewd knowledge of each other—but just as you think, Ah! The moral whip! he goes on, in his capacity of author, to express the same sentiments. It is a pity, because the central idea of this repellent book is strong and exciting.

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To the Editor

Attention, Mr. Herter

What a pity your "Communists Don't Negotiate" [May 23] can't be sent to and read by Secretary of State Herter and his team! It is basic information on what Khrushchev is doing through his mouthpieces, Gromyko and Zorin, at the current foreign ministers' conference, and excellent advice on what he will do if another of those senseless Summit meetings takes place.

David put it neatly—and quite correctly: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. . . ." (Psalms 55, vs. 21).

Boston, Mass. KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.

President Wheeler

Just finished Peter Crumpet's "Willmoore Wheeler" bit in the May 23 issue. Found it amusing, thought-provoking, and really to the point. It should be required reading in all political science classes.

Milwaukee, Wis. REV. R. SCHNEIDER

President Willmoore Wheeler's domestic policy is even greater than his foreign policy.

Los Angeles, Cal. K. MADSEN

Djilas and Pasternak

I was interested to find in your May 9 issue the letter to the editor from Mr. James Burnham re Eugene Lyons.

Although I seldom find myself in agreement with Mr. Burnham, he gets one loud hosanna from me (if he wants it) for his observation that "*The New Class* is below-medium sociology." This observation is long overdue but nonetheless (to me anyway) surprising since the critics of the Right seem to have made common cause with the riders of the New York *kulturfest* circuit (a very curious popular front to say the least) and enshrined Djilas as a saint in the church. Also a huzzah (more *sotto voce* this time due to the mealy-mouthed tone of Burnham's criticism) for the light tap on the wrist administered to that old cornball, Boris Pasternak, also recently canonized by the same group of aforementioned theologians.

And, while I feel expansive (and now that we speak of cornballs), a pat on the back to the editors for their vendetta against Mr. Norman Cousins. Keep up the good work. It couldn't happen to a more deserving fellow.

New York City NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Not All Beatniks

Hurray for John Leonard! I, too, was disturbed by CBS' recent television presentation "Generation Without A Cause," but am very pleased with Mr. Leonard's defense [May 9] of our generation. The point in his article which hit home was his comment: "Can a generation be anything until it has done something?" As a future teacher, I'm genuinely concerned about our generation. Those who criticize us must give us time to prove ourselves, and certainly, they should not judge us unfairly. We are not all beatniks!

Madison, Wis. BETTY DENU

Farm Plan

I recently suggested in a letter to my congressman a device for restoring farmers to membership in the free economy. This device . . . is to enact a law saying, in effect, that no new person may become eligible for federal aid to farmers. In practice, the law would become effective some reasonable period of time after its passage and would bar from receiving aid any farmer who had not previously received aid of a like nature. The delay between the passage and the effective date of the law could be a political bargaining point, as could the form of payments: soil bank, price support, Brannan Plan, etc. . . .

Though Secretary Benson has been roundly vilified for a purported desire to drive the farmers from the farms, I submit that the bulk of our problems could be solved over the period of a generation by gently discouraging at least those would-be farmers who expect that public largesse will support them regardless of their usefulness. . . . Farming would be an improved business for those who remained because competition would be reduced to a reasonable level.

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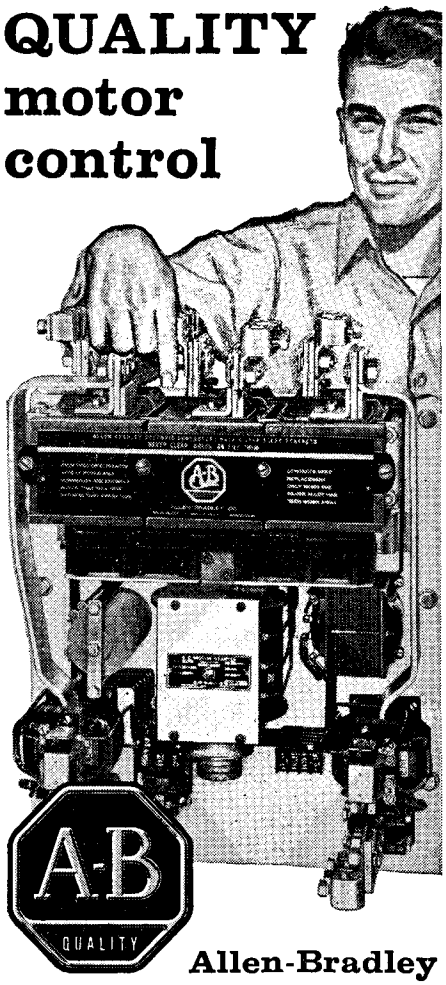

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change, to the taxpayer because unneeded produce no longer would have to be stored (*i.e.*, wasted) at his expense; and all the unneeded producers, as well as the administrators of the farm aid program, would be transferred to useful employment.

Whittier, Cal. P. A. TURNQUIST

Canon Bell at Large

I've just finished reading Russell Kirk's article, "You're Sick, Sick, Sick" [May 23] in which he successfully debunks the omniscience of the Overstreets, Harry and Bonaro, and gives us proof again of the straight thinking of the late Canon Bernard Iddings Bell.

Mr. Kirk writes, in his last paragraph, "Canon Bell more than once declared that Dr. Overstreet was a fool and a malign influence. However did Dr. Bell keep out of an asylum? In the age which Mr. Overstreet thinks is dawning, perhaps Canon Bell wouldn't contrive to stay out."

I think that you will be interested in knowing that Canon Bell himself had thought about that matter. In his foreword to Mortimer Smith's *And Madly Teach* he says: "We have become, largely because of what schooling has done to us, a people incompetent to function as free men, which is something else again than flattered and manipulated robots." Also, "He, [Mortimer Smith] and the rest of us who toss about this sort of dynamite, ought to be locked up. The way things are moving, it looks not unlikely that before too long we shall be."

In the interest of saving time and money on endless surveys and studies concerning the illness of present-day education, I would recommend this 107-page book by Mortimer Smith, which came out in 1949.

Sacramento, Cal. TERRY BARTON

British Public Relations

Publicists for Great Britain, usually efficient and unobtrusive, perhaps made up for Field Marshal Montgomery's boners in his Murrow TV interview by means of Winston Churchill's visit to Washington. Their current aim seems to be: stress the old comrades-in-arms theme to achieve unity of new comrades at Geneva for the softer Macmillan line toward the Soviets.

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The Campus Conservative Clubs

CONSERVATIVES on the campus are still in the minority. Perhaps they will always be. Nevertheless, these nonconformists are getting up more courage as their understanding of conservatism deepens, and they are certainly becoming more articulate. In a number of colleges these students are forming fellowships in order to bolster their courage and to make themselves better heard.

The clubs they organize go by various names, though "Conservative Society" seems to be the favorite. In some instances their activities are confined to bombarding the college publications with letters to the editor; several give vent to their opinions in mimeographed or printed papers of their own; often they sponsor lectures on conservatism. A few are talking about taking part in political campaigns.

The organizations spring up spontaneously. A professor may give them a helping hand, and in several instances local businessmen have come to their aid by making contributions to the cost of printing their papers or meeting the traveling expenses of volunteer lecturers. The latter development is most interesting, for it brings together the practical free enterprisers with promising neophytes.

ISI will this fall put on the road one young man (more if the funds are available) to encourage the formation of campus conservative groups. Beyond lending them such encouragement (and offering qualified speakers) the Society will take no part; it will certainly not undertake to direct activities. Its mission is to spread conservative ideas, with full confidence that these ideas will in due course have beneficial consequences.

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